









From photograph by P. E. Brown.

C. M. Biddle

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE

BY

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PREFACE.

THE Chapters comprised in this volume are selected from articles originally published in "The Universalist Leader," and have been gathered together — a labor of love — with the conviction that they will be appreciated and treasured not only by the author's family, but by his many friends everywhere. It has been truly said that they do not embody his best work; but that does not need the art of printing for its preservation. Dr. Biddle's best work was the giving of himself in loyal and faithful service to his fellow-men, and this will ever be enshrined in the hearts of his friends — a precious memory.

M. E. B.

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INTRODUCTION.

I WILLINGLY comply with the request for an introductory word for this book. I am glad that the publishers bring it out so promptly, while the air still echoes with the many voices of love and praise that Dr. Biddle's departure has evoked. There are many who will want the book as a memento of a revered and beloved teacher and friend; and many others, I believe, who will value it for its utterances. For although Dr. Biddle's best work was not done with a pen, yet he had a marked faculty for "seeing things," and for translating common scenes and incidents into their spiritual and ethical equivalents, while bright anecdotes, quaint fancies, and genial humor give vivacity and interest to his writings.

Dr. Biddle was a man of the people; he sat in their hearts, and knew and shared their lives, and brought insight and sympathy and sense and tact and faith to bear upon their problems. He never forgot those to whom he had once ministered. Once their pastor, always their

pastor. When he could not reach them in person he wrote to them; and I think there must be now in the prized possession of his former parishioners enough of his loving letters to fill another volume like this — letters sympathetic with their joys as well as with their sorrows. And although I suspect he would forbid it, yet I could almost wish that these letters might be collected and printed, — they would be such a revelation of the bright mind and golden heart of the man.

Many of these love-messages came back to him during his last illness. “The Universalist Leader” of June 23, 1900, contains what was really his last message from his sick-room to his friends. He heads it “Light on the Way,” and in it he speaks gratefully of “the letters with affectionate remembrances of other days when trials were reversed, *as if one were meeting himself on a return journey.*”

Whoever shall read Dr. Biddle’s writings will find therein no pessimism, neither any slack-fibered and foolish optimism; but he will find a stalwart faith in the final moral harmony of all souls with God, — a faith resting on his belief in an adequate God, who is able to conduct His world to the goal He desires, without the intervention of an eternal catastrophe.

And to him that God is no theological abstraction, but the actual, living God of the souls of men, warm, vital, loving, accessible, and self-revealing, with whom the believer may daily walk, and upon whose justice and love he may forever rely. Dr. Biddle's Universalism was no mere barren prediction of what the final upshot of things must be, — no sterile dogma empty of all spiritual and ethical potency, — but it was a belief in the capacity of every man, with God's help, to reach the highest goal. He did not foreshorten the long perspective of processes through which that goal is to be reached, nor minimize man's part in the work. He saw that if Universalism be true, every soul of man must become right and good, and that it must follow, as the night the day, that every man's self-deceptions must be cleared up, all his mistakes rectified, all his sins repented of, paid for, and forever abandoned. It is for this arduous task that the help of the Christ is needed. And this help is offered to all men, out of a wide-open hand; and from these indications of the purpose and methods of the Divine love, nothing less can be prophesied than the final overcoming of all evil and incompleteness, and a brilliant and happy future for all humanity. The splendor of this faith ener-

gized our beloved friend throughout his long career; it made him the friend and helper of all who would be helped; it bore him bravely over the personal losses and sorrows that come to every man, and it carried him through the last crisis of mortality with perfect sweetness and unshaken tranquillity.

It is fitting that some brief record should stand upon this page of a life so full of usefulness and honor.

CHARLES WESLEY BIDDLE was a Marylander, born in Chesapeake City, December 3, 1832. It was not so easy to get an education then as it is now; but he took what the public schools could give him, and supplemented that by a special course of study in the old and classical academy of Wilmington, Del. There were no Universalist Theological Schools in the world at that time, except that Dr. Thomas J. Sawyer had, at Clinton, N.Y., a class of young men fitting for the ministry. But even this was not accessible to our young aspirant; and he completed his preparation under the stimulating companionship and sensible direction of the Rev. James Gallagher, at Easton, Penn. He was ordained in 1855, and took up his work at Southold, Long Island.

Visiting that place more than twenty years

after he had left it, I found many anecdotes and cherished memories of the raw, green boy in his first parish, with his serious face and quick-flashing wit, his intense earnestness and high ideas of pastoral duty, his honesty and straight-forwardness, and his uncompromising Universalism, which troubled not a little the conservative waters of that quiet old town. From there he went to Stafford, Conn., and exercised his building-up power to the great advantage of the society. Then he was called to Newark, N. J., where, owing to the imperfect union of two societies, the situation was delicate and difficult. Here his unfailing tact, his energy, ability, and self-devotion contributed, as I believe, the chief element to the subsequent growth and prosperity of that strong parish. From Newark to Lynn, in 1862. His call to Lynn was practically unanimous, but before he accepted it he learned that one prominent man had not voted for him. Straightway Mr. Biddle called upon that man, and asked him what it was that he did not like; winning, by that frank step, a warm friend and stanch supporter. In Lynn, during seventeen years of the full vigor and maturity of his many-sided nature, with unflagging zeal, industry, tact, patience, and spiritual power, and with a devo-

tion that knew no reserve, he wrought the great work which is known and justly praised throughout our whole church. With characteristic modesty, Dr. Biddle has many times been heard to attribute the remarkable growth of this parish to the exceptionally capable management of its laity, not seeming to realize how far it was his own high personal qualities which drew such able and loyal coöperation to his side.

From Lynn to Cambridge, where for fifteen years he made the beneficent influence of his Christian faith and character strongly felt throughout the whole city.

Leaving Cambridge, and after a few months' work at Spencer, Mass., he undertook the care of the new Brookline parish. In this arduous service he ended his days, dying—in the harness, as he desired to do—on the fourth day of August, 1900, after a devoted and fruitful ministry of forty-five years.

Forty-five years! Let any younger minister of lesser service prolong in imagination his present experiences through four and a half decades, and he, at least, will realize what honor is deserved by the man who, during this long period, has given his whole life and strength to the service of his Master and his fellow-men, bearing the burden of the world's welfare always on his loyal breast.

Such men are often troubled at the seeming futility of their special work. One remedy for that despondency is to look over the whole field. Go down to the sea-shore and watch the climbing tide : —

“ For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main ! ”

No statement of Dr. Biddle's work could be adequate that did not take account of the fact that all his life long he was a strenuous servant of public interests outside his parishes, answering numberless calls both for speech and organizing service in the promotion of good causes and good citizenship. And the positions of honor and responsibility which he has filled tell the story of his value and faithfulness to the church at large. He possessed political genius of a high order, discerning intuitively the temper of the people, and knowing instinctively where the biggest fact lay; so that as a diplomatist and pacificator he rendered much valuable service.

As he was an indefatigable worker, so was he a diligent student. He had the divine hunger for knowledge, and he retrieved the much-regretted deficiencies of his early education by an

eagerness of study which often robbed him of his hours of rest and recreation. His intellectual activity increased with his years, and he was constantly enriching his mind through new and varied lines of reading.

For all Dr. Biddle's strong social qualities, his power of adapting himself to all companies, his broad sympathies, ready humor, and sparkling wit, he never lost the quiet dignity which belongs to his profession. He never forgot, and no man in the gayest company that surrounded him ever forgot, that he was a minister of the Gospel, — a man with a divine message to men. And one reason why his presence was so eagerly desired in times of calamity and sorrow was that he carried that same quiet dignity and gentle authority into the scene of distress. He was never effusive; but his grave, thoughtful manner, his low, earnest tones, going right to the heart of the trouble, made men feel that his sympathy was real and solid, and so his mere presence gave strength, and his comforting word was with power.

One loves to recall his habitual aspect as he moved about among his fellow-men. He was to all appearance as reserved and imperturbable as the Sphinx. The keen dark eyes that turned to meet your challenge gave out no self-revela-

tion from their somber depths. The steady composure of the thoughtful face offered little hint of whatever thought or feeling might be working within. He looked like a purposeful man, intent, serious, resolved, but not sunny and not joyous. He himself has humorously told us—in his “Recollections of the Old ‘Ambassador’ Office in New York”—when and where he tried “to look his pleasantest,” and how he signally failed and never tried it again!

But underneath that mask of poise and reserve what a large and loving nature dwelt, what geniality and bright fancy and electric wit, what tenderness and constancy, what keen and kindly wisdom, what invulnerable truth and honesty, what manly and virile faith in God and man!

JAMES M. PULLMAN.

LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS,
November, 1900.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

I.

METHUSELAH.

PASSING from the old year into the new must have lost somewhat of its novelty to a life like that of Methuselah's, counting nine hundred and sixty-nine of them. The old patriarch, according to the early annals, drew to the close of a millennium, as our modern time period draws to the close of a century.

It must have become monotonous to hear for a thousand years the annual salutation, "A Happy New Year." And if in his long drawn out pilgrimage there was anything answering to our Christmas shopping, what a terror it must have been lest he run into duplicate presents. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Methuselah — especially if there were more than one of her — conveniently left him behind in her annual round, for it has been said that the cheapest-looking thing to be seen about a Christmas

bargain counter is a husband waiting for his wife. It is a re-enactment of patience on a tombstone. Without going into the higher criticism, ransacking the Elohist and Jehovistic documents, and the mistakes of Moses, touching the family records of Methuselah, we may for our purpose venture to presume that he had, at least proportionally, crossed the dead line of fifty, and reached the point where age is supposed to know that it knows nothing.

To all cavilers and quibblers who raise an issue as to the years before the flood, we may return the answer of the Methodist minister who was asked by the village quidnunc how old the devil was. Said he, "Keep your own family record; keep your own family record." No doubt Methuselah was old enough to be put on the retired list. If the years of Methuselah, however, should be contracted to those of Thomas Parr, commonly known as Old Parr, who lived from 1483 to 1635, was in a love intrigue at 105, and married the second time at 120, he is justly entitled to the distinction of the Grand Old Man, whatever we may think of his possible sentimental episodes. Unfortunately, however, for the fame of the old antediluvian, we have a method of "expansion" nowadays, which can be applied to time as well as space,

and may justly claim that a life of fourscore, like Gladstone's, Bismarck's, Gov. Boutwell's, or Senator Morrill's, may be practically longer than that of the old patriarch, no matter by what standard it is measured. And it is interesting to note that the men of 1898 — Dewey, Sampson and Schley, Miles, Merritt, Wheeler and Lawton — who did more in a twelvemonth to change the destiny of nations than Methuselah did in the longest recorded human life, are all more than sixty years old.

Take, for example, the nineteenth century, fast drawing to a close, and so far as we have historic data for comparing it with the thousand years of Methuselah, the man of to-day is far older in experience, observation and progress, than the man before the flood, even if upon his shoulders rested ten centuries, on the principle that the least in the kingdom of heaven was greater than John the Baptist. Not one of us who has attained middle life, but has really lived longer than Methuselah.

To be sure, we cannot tell what civilization reigned at that early period; what "lost arts," to use the title of Wendell Phillips' famous lecture, may have found no historic records; what inventions may have flourished and passed away; what libraries burnt in clay or otherwise

indefinitely preserved, may have ministered to learning; what hints of progress and refinement may be wrapped up in the passing mention of Enoch, the father of Methuselah, who "builded a city;" of Jabal the tentmaker and ranchman; of Tubal Cain, an artificer in brass and iron; and Jubal, the father of all such as handle the harp and organ. Undoubtedly Methuselah rubbed his wrinkled palms with glee as he dilated concerning the age of progress in art, invention, agriculture, in which he was permitted to live, and very likely he had some dreams of imperialism and manifest destiny. Who knows, but in the ecstasy of original spread-eagleism, he exclaimed, "No pent-up Orient contracts our powers, the whole boundless universe is ours," and set the limits of his country as did an American orator quoted the other day by John Fiske—bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the precession of the equinoxes, on the east by the primeval chaos, and on the west by the day of judgment.

But whatever the ancient expansionist may have felt, the weary old world has been borne farther and farther along, as Bryant says, on "the flood of years." It is a great way from Methuselah to McKinley, and we cannot doubt

that a century in modern times is longer, counted by the rapidity of its movements, its broad sweep of interests, its vital questions concerning the progress of man in knowledge, government, unity and religion, than any ten centuries of the past, whether spanned by one life or a score. A thousand years are as one day with God, and the declaration may be reversed, and one day be as a thousand years. We hear it said in this spirit that fifty years of Europe are worth a cycle of Cathay, but even Cathay, the old name for China, crystallized and fossilized, for many cycles, has been experiencing of late a rude awakening, and is getting a breath of a broader and freer period.

We may see that a thousand years like those of old Methuselah did not advance the ideas and methods, as has a single decade of modern life. China is feeling the touch of broader human interests, the agitation of world problems, the reciprocity of wide relationships, that could not have come to her in thousands of years of stagnation and exclusiveness. The emancipation of Chinese women is one marked feature of the nineteenth century impulse in the celestial empire. "The Feminine Magazine," a new weekly, entirely edited by Chinese ladies, has just been issued, showing that the springs

of progress are coming up from the domestic life of the people. The life of a nation may not be long, measured by the time gauge of Methuselah, but measured by great, rapid movements affecting the progress of the world, it may be even much longer. The question once went the rounds whether married men or single men live the longer. And the answer given was married men. It was not really longer, but it seemed longer. Such a year as 1898, with its great transformations and possibilities, seems longer than many years of even-going events, although the years of quiet are secretly working all along towards the sudden consummation.

A recognition of this fact leads historians to-day to dwell less upon courts, cabinets, and armies, and more upon laws, customs, ideas, social conditions, that working in hidden ways during the life of a Methuselah, disclose themselves suddenly in great crises that make points of new departure for freedom and faith.

The year now about closing, seems to bear upon its face the promise and potency of these far-reaching results. Compared with ancient times, when old-world forms of life, government, and custom, moved with the slow pace of the Antediluvian's reputed years, the kaleidoscopic whirl of events in this year of our Lord

revolves to the magic words, "Presto, change." Nations are born in a day. Slaves rise up men. The new constantly transcends the old. The area of freedom and a sense of humanity are marvelously extended. New political and religious ideas leap to the front. The Methuse-lahs of old systems, wrongs and barbarities, are remanded to the rear, and the bells of a dying year ring out a thousand years of wrong, and ring in a thousand years of right.

The progress and comfort in the present century, of which the old patriarch never dreamed, — running from a locomotive to a lucifer match, from a sewing-machine to an electric button, through the whole range of nineteenth century marvels, that have brought the ends of the world together, and consolidated human interests, preparing the way for final righteousness and peace, — would make volumes that, to use the hyperbole of St. John, the world itself would not contain. Compared with the life, variety, rush, and push of the year closing, how tame must have been the succession of the patriarch's thousand years. They were like the lady who gave her maid orders to put her monogram on her handkerchiefs. She worked one with the monogram, and all the others with the word "Ditto." But let us

bear in mind, as we cross the threshold of the year, that varied and wide-reaching events should broaden a sense of responsibility for varied and wide-reaching services to mankind. If faithful to our larger trust, we shall live longer than Methuselah, in the influences that shall go broadening down the generations from precedent to precedent. He lives most, says Philip James Bailey, who thinks most, lives the noblest, does the best. Life is a great spirit and a busy heart.

II.

A PRIZE IN EVERY PACKAGE.

SENSATIONALISM is not confined, it would seem, to a certain class of papers, but pervades more or less, religion, business, politics, amusements and the professions. It is both a theory and a condition of the times. It is more and more difficult to get either thoughts or things accepted on their merits. They must be tricked out with adventitious adornments or hitched on to objects and interests foreign to themselves. We deck the lily and gild fine gold, or more likely pass pinchbeck for the genuine article.

The canvasser insinuates his soap and stationery, his pound of tea, or his photographs upon our attention, with a side show for an attendant. The dealer attracts us to his household varieties, the publisher to his paper, the merchant to his Monday goods, by holding out special baits for needy, curious or speculative victims, aside from the intrinsic value of the articles. The fancy is awakened by the exceptional and arbitrary. Wherever this is found, or under what-

ever guise it presents itself, it is the commonplace method expressed in the phrase — a prize in every package. It makes an appeal to cupidity or some other inferior motive rather than trusting to the legitimate results of toil and traffic.

In whatever sphere the principle is operated, whether sacred or secular, in military or civic life, it excites a feverish desire to obtain what is extraneous to moral duty and disinterested service, — to which we should successfully appeal, — and substitutes a selfish scramble for what is incidental to the main purpose. The prize is more commanding than the package. The question, “What shall I get?” or will it benefit in the way of a side issue, crowds out the nobler considerations of moral obligation and unselfish action. It is not a valid principle in morals or merchandise, piety or patriotism. The mind comes to be morbid in artificial expectancy, and loses a genuine interest in worthy things for their own sakes.

There never was a time when the principle — a prize in every package — so influenced traffic, religion, politics, entertainments, childhood, as at the present day. Things are not taken upon their value, but upon their accompaniments. What shall I get *with* it, not what

shall I get *in* it, is the too commanding question. The old-time religion had the same influence through its promise of an external harp and crown hereafter, for service and self-denial here. Heaven was then the prize in the package of life. That form of religious commercialism has largely vanished, but we now want a nimbler penny and quicker returns in the transactions of the present mundane sphere. We are so looking for the prize in the package of this world that inferior incentives come to exclude attention to high ideals. It is the old question, What shall we have therefor?

A sea captain said that he had three nationalities represented in his crew, and by asking each the same question, the answer would betray the native peculiarity. "What will you take," he asked the Englishman, "to go to the mast-head?" "Five pounds," said he, with John Bull positiveness. "What will *you* take, Pat," addressing the Irish sailor, "to go to the mast-head?" "Faith," said he, glancing upward, "I think I'd take a cowld!" the characteristic Hibernian wit. And now to the American, "What will *you* take, Jonathan?" and the quick response came, "What will you give me?" — the Yankee thrift and speculation.

That question, "What will you give me,

what goes *with* this article or this act?" is too often the mental attitude in modern life. We are looking after the prize in the package. We have a good deal of low commercialism in our present rendering of life and its opportunities. When the sable prisoner was asked his age, he answered, "What do you want to know my age for, Jedge? you don't want to give me no birf-day present." He probably found that the judge had no such generous prize for his birthday package; but how ready we are to obtain what is not intrinsically involved in the events, duties and relations of life. The prize in the package blinds us to the natural and logical results of opportunity and service.

I confess to no little sympathy with the heroes of the war in the congressional pulling and hauling, about who shall have the prize of honorable mention, promotion, or increased compensation. It is undoubtedly proper to make recognition of heroic services. The republic must not be ungrateful for the fidelity of its defenders. But the whole batch of decorations, advancements, compensations, which has been precipitated upon the country at once, and the clamor of the advocates of the different heroes, the claims and counter-claims, the jealousies, the anxieties as to the prizes in the

military packages, are humiliating when we consider the seriousness of the conflict, and the claims of the nation upon those whom she freely educated, and later compensated for soldierly sacrifices and services. Justice, of course, must be done, and differences of opinion which have filled the air as to relative merits, be considered, but the true prizes for these brave and gallant commanders, after all, are not in the question of one or two points of promotion, but in the unselfish service they rendered for country and mankind. But this particular prize in the military package may be too invisible and indefinite to suit the ordinary practical mind. We trust it is not a new application of the old saying, "To the victors belong the spoils." When the dealer in flags was asked for a reduction in the price, he exclaimed, with patriotic fervor, "What! lower Old Glory? Never!" Let us hope that the aftermath of the war, the investigations and contentions over the prizes, may not result in lowering Old Glory a point or two in the estimation of the world. We may at least echo the words of Kipling,—

"Take up the White Man's Burden !

Have done with childish days—

The lightly proffered laurel,

The easy, ungrudged praise :

Comes now to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers.”

But of all prizes in the national packages, the one most questionable is the distribution of prize money to naval heroes who captured the enemy's vessels. I am not criticising the men of the navy, who share in the benefits of the prizes. It is the prevailing system, and it is too much to expect that the proffered results will be declined. The captured vessels should wholly belong to the government. Their partial distribution to officers and men as compensation or perquisite, is not to the credit of the country, may appeal to unworthy motives, be a temptation to substitute a selfish for a patriotic consideration, to inject a personal for a public element in the naval service, and marks a lingering trace of old-time privateering. The money prize in that package comes too high. If we must capture the enemy's merchantmen, let it be lifted above all selfish interests, to the position of the public necessities. Increase pay and pensions if need be, but make the service of our sailors wholly unselfish and patriotic. We do not expect the soldier to share in the towns and territories that he captures, and forbid all

private looting. He is the agent of the power that he represents. Nor should prize money be found in the naval packages of the republic.

And the prize package is no less objectionable in religion. We do not, it is true, offer chromos for marriages, as was once alleged of a clergyman. But we try to embellish the gospel with worldly devices, and put the seductive prize in the sacred package to stimulate an unnatural curiosity. We present prizes for attendance at Sunday-school, and for good lessons. A boy was given a blue ticket with a motto,—probably, “Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom,”—for committing verses in the Bible; when he had earned twelve blue tickets he exchanged them for a red ticket, with another appropriate motto,—probably, “What thou doest do heartily as unto the Lord, and not unto men,”—and for a dozen red tickets he was presented with a volume,—the character of which was often another prize—a surprise.

The best method of taking selfishness out of such inducements that I recall, is, when the scholar earns the book, which is formally presented to him, bears his name, the date, and why given, and after he has had the honor of reading it first,—provided he reads it at all,—it is placed

in the Sunday-school library, and is ever afterward a memorial of his fidelity, and at the same time is devoted to the common good. There is an element of a Christian prize in that package.

I recognize the possible benefits of the prize system, and how hard it is to draw the line, but especially in *our* religion, we ought to appeal to the worth of character and services in themselves, and, as far as may be, leave the extraneous prize out of the package. If we keep on offering prizes in the packages of religion, we shall have at last little service for the church that is not for revenue only. Already the children, for example, when enlisted to sell tickets for entertainments, must be incited by the scriptural and sabbatical rule of one ticket for every seven sold. If they refused the seven, there would be justification. The elders shirk their duties, and slaughter the innocents.

This prize package principle, I notice, is just now run by a prominent denominational journal. It offers prizes for the "Best Answers" to practical and religious questions. Three of these questions have brought returns, and they make suggestive and profitable reading. The last one, the editor evidently thought, ventured just a little upon sacred ground. The prize of five dollars, or three dollars and the Century Gallery

of Eminent Portraits, — for laying before the world the secret processes of personal spiritual life, and the searchings of the umpires for the good and bad points in the answers, — must have raised a question other than the one under consideration. The result was interesting and helpful, but I could but ask whether the subject would not have received as profitable answers without a prize in the package; thus avoiding the risk of stimulating pride on the one hand and exciting jealousy on the other; for the contestants, no doubt, had different opinions as to the merits of the answers submitted. I am not, however, in the critical, rather in the questioning, mood; but note the fact, that in religion, as in business, prizes are found to-day in a good many packages.

III.

“AS DULL AS A SERMON.”

YOU are cautioned against connecting too closely the subject and signature. However applicable, they do not constitute a personal confession. I recall that Rowland Hill came to chapel in a drenching rain, and exclaiming, “What shall I do?” was told, “Hurry right into the pulpit, you are always dry enough there!”

The expression “as dull as a sermon” would involve all ministers in the same condemnation. But evidently it is too sweeping. Was it born of the interminable discourses of the reformation and Puritanic periods? I am loath, however, to shift the imputation from our own shoulders to theirs. Is it the consensus of church-goers as to pulpit discourses? No popular vote has yet been taken. The “dictionary of phrases” tells not the time or place of its advent. We are left to infer that like George McDonald’s baby, it came “out of the everywhere into the here.” At all events the sermon seems to have attained the distinction of being the standard of stupid-

ity. Hosea Ballou 2d used to say that his "D.D." stood for "Dreadful Dull," but those who heard, interpreted it, "Delightful Divine."

Fortunately, the sermon is not the only criterion of dullness. The common sense of mankind permits an occasional variation, — for example, "as dull as a beetle," meaning a wooden hammer, not, however, a very inspiring association; in Holland the ministers share the distinction, with the civil officers, "As dull as the debates of Dutch burgomasters on cheese parings and candle ends." And even in free America we find an occasional fling at public functionaries, as in "The Boston Herald," "Senator Hoar speaks a good word for the wider circulation of 'The Congressional Record.' The best way for him to accomplish this purpose is to contribute more frequently to its columns. As a rule they are too deadly dull to be interesting." And we all know what a spectacle of inattention is presented by legislative bodies, when addressed by the average member. They entertain themselves by reading, writing, loafing, — even if they are not absent in body as in spirit, enjoying the aromatic weed in the lobbies and coat-rooms. It is a comfort to know that there is something dull besides the beetle, the burgomaster, and the parson.

I cannot but wonder whether the politician, the lawyer, the platform lecturer, if put to the same test of subject and frequency, might not figure with the clergy, as standards of dullness. Even the highest literary productions do not escape the sharp point of the critic. Matthew Arnold thought Tennyson deficient in intellectual power, and his lines on the Prince Consort of no value; Macaulay was very uninteresting, with a dash of intellectual vulgarity; Swinburne offended by using a hundred words where one would suffice. Leading editorials, magazine articles, and even novels, do not always keep the reader on the alert. There is nodding elsewhere, it would seem, than in the church. Webster is kind enough, in his definition, to vary the monotony, and say, "as a dull story or dull sermon." Ministers ought not to object to a reasonable share of this distinction, seeing they are in such good company.

After all, I suspect the saying is not to be taken too seriously. All professions are the victims of good-natured flings and exaggerations; and it is pleasant to know that the clergy are no exception to the general rule. To omit them would reflect upon their importance. When a public man gets so far along as to be caricatured, he feels flattered. Lord Brougham's

nose, Beaconsfield's locks, Conkling's strut and Butler's eyes, in "Puck" and "Punch," gave them better standing before the public. And so, if sharp practice comes to be "deaconing," and temperance taking "a drop behind the door," and lying synonymous with lawyer, and bleeding (in the modern way) the reputation of the physician, and pedantry and spectacles a suggestion of "the Hub," and the satanic press sensational journalism, and the wild and woolly west the equivalent of the Mississippi Valley and the Rockies, and dullness the characteristic of the pulpit, we may be happy that we are all in the same boat.

We have about come to the conclusion, therefore, that the saying "as dull as a sermon" belongs in the category with the good-natured chaffing about being as dead as Philadelphia because the Quaker city is well "laid out;" or the Chicago girl's foot, because everything out West takes on the proportions of prairies and great lakes; or the intellectual stiltiness of Boston finding illustration in the detectives, one of whom said, "I think I made a big hit in capturing that crook. He thought his disguise was impenetrable." "What disguise?" asked his associate. "Oh, bad grammar, and a pretended dislike for baked beans." The popular

phrase, "as dull as a sermon," is really a compliment to the uniform merit of the ordinary preacher.

But after all, actions speak louder than words, and practice better than phrases. If sermons are really not of interest why do the great dailies, and even the local papers, give full reports of them? Why did Professor Park tell the General Court of Massachusetts about the indebtedness of the State to the clergy? Why do we pause over Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit," and Fish's "Treasury of Sacred Eloquence"? Why were volumes of sermons like Robertson's, Phillips Brooks', Martineau's, Beecher's, issued by the great publishing companies, and why now continued in such sermons as McLeod's, McKenzie's, John Caird's, and Professor Peabody's? If it is said that these sermons are exceptional, it may be replied that the average discourse does not need to range so high, to have a reasonable degree of instruction and interest. The saying "as dull as a sermon" makes no distinction as to the sermons. It lumps all pulpit productions and makes them dull alike.

But even the common-place pulpit a generation ago had something to do in molding public thought in the great Civil War, and more recently in the Venezuelan affair, and is just

now stirring up the public mind about Cuba and the Philippines. These incidental facts tell more as to the influence of the pulpit than the circulation of an empty saying.

The pulpit stands for great interests and principles. "Men," says a writer, "are hungry for ideas; for just views of the great problems of life and death; for thoughts of God. And the man who has the power to preach might easily repeat in Boston or New York the experience of Chalmers, Guthrie and McLeod in the great Scotch cities." In fact, he is already doing so. There is no little flinging at what is called "mere preaching," and "pulpit platitudes." A minister sends out his circular to the un-churched population and gets exactly what he bids for. Word is sent back, "Your sermons are prosy and uninteresting." But what is the standard of the prosaic and uninteresting? Is there any more interest with such persons in fine literature, art, and music? What must sermons contain to engage a certain class of minds? Such individuals need the sermon just in proportion to their lack of interest in it; and the least attractive part of it may be the most helpful to them. A Yale student on his way from a sermon by Dr. Leonard Bacon said to himself, "The doctor was unusually prosy

to-night. The only thing that he said worth meditating on was this: 'If it is reasonable to be a Christian, why not become one now?'" That question kept returning, and the result was the earnest Christian educator, President Raymond, the first president of Vassar College. A very dull sermon, whetted by the Spirit, may become sharper than any two-edged sword.

Bishop Potter, in his recent annual address, says, "My quarrel with the modern preacher is that he has so soon and so easily reached a conclusion which disparages the pulpit as a throne and the possibility of its persuasive influence in his hands who can use it with a reverence for its divine institution and an enduring faith in its supernatural power." His caution to young ministers against the pitfalls of extemporaneous preaching, echoed by another, who affirms that the fad of extemporaneous preaching has lowered the quality of pulpit work, is not pertinent, since it is not a question of method, but of personal and professional preparation, which will arouse and instruct, with any system of discourse. No one method will fit all minds. But one spirit will animate and make effective all possible methods. Dr. Gunsaulus calls for "flying artillery preaching,"—a warm, hospitable, human sermon, delivered

where men are. All right if he chances to be a Gatling gun, but other Gospel armaments may also be brought into requisition. Effective preaching may be of many kinds; a fact that we need to remember in our verdict on preachers.

The sermon must also adjust itself to changed conditions. Reform in methods of ministerial education is fast being instituted in schools of divinity. The theological course will soon be modified to fit the minister to the changed thought and condition of the world. As radical a transformation is taking place in literature. "The New York Ledger" passes from a weekly to a monthly. The daily papers have invaded its specialty of short, sensational stories. The supply is found elsewhere. The appetite calls for a different caterer. Not so bad, perhaps, is George Meredith's *mot*, "It is autumn time in our literature. The leaves are falling—especially the fig leaves." But readjustment is proceeding on many lines, and it must affect the form, but not the principle and purpose of the sermon.

"The Congregationalist" has an article on "The Literary *versus* the Theological View of Life." The literary form is becoming the dominant and characteristic note of modern preaching. Change in theological belief, and the vast in-

crease of literary activity are noted. One minister is reported as laying less stress on doctrinal themes, and giving more incidents from everyday life. Another concludes he has been too serious in preaching; people are not made good by direct doctrinal appeals, but by indirection. A third concludes the standards of piety are too high for the mass of men; more regard is needed to the facts and sympathies of life. And so the sermon is increasing its interest by fresh adaptations.

A most discouraging thing, however, is the minister's depreciation of his own craft. He often incidentally, and sometimes directly, gives countenance to the saying "As dull as a sermon." He affects to be above that kind of literature. "He fouls his own nest." "I never," he makes haste to say, "read sermons." I wonder why he inflicts his own upon the public. One writes to his religious journal, "If you never read a sermon before, read the one by Dr. Blank in this issue," — the implication being that ordinarily it is not to be expected. Another writes, "The sermon was well worth reading, which is saying a good deal for a sermon." He could not praise one sermon without a sly dig at all the others. Perhaps his own people will take him

at his expressed estimate of the sermon's worth. The Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, in an interesting article in the February "Atlantic" on "The Enjoyment of Poetry," casts just a little shadow across the path of his professional brethren: "In these days we are likely to hear discourses from the pulpit on the Religion of the Poets. The theme is a noble one, but frequently it is treated in too ponderous a fashion. There is a religion of the poets which comes with power to many who care little for the religion of the priests. But it is not formal and didactic. It is the welling up of that 'natural poetry' of which Wordsworth speaks." But why deprive the pulpit of "the enjoyment of poetry," when its gems are allowed to enliven the pages of the magazine? Is it a weak attempt to cover up the badge of the clerical profession? "That," said a hearer, "was a good sermon of Dr. Binks', and would have been perfect if he had not interpolated a few sentences of his own." Do let the minister have the privilege of quoting poetry, without making that, too, as dull as the sermon.

Well it may be said, that sermons are a peculiar production delivered for a special purpose, and to end with an occasion, — as a hot shot out of a gun; that not being written nor spoken

to be read, they are not effective to the eye. But I am persuaded that some clergymen cultivate a reputation of indifference to sermonic literature.

Dr. Hale, in a recent article on Dr. Channing, quotes Mr. Cogswell, the first librarian of the Astor Library, as saying, "This library, while I administer it, will receive every book it can get, on every subject, except sermons and novels." He explained his interest in hearing sermons, but they were for the time. We have lived to see the novel much in evidence in our libraries, and the remark concerning sermons was far too sweeping. It would have turned into tremulous air the productions of the renowned preachers of the world, including Channing himself, and if applied to oratory on other subjects, would be equally destructive. For what orator does not depend largely on the place, people and time, as well as on the theme?

The repudiators of sermonic literature are not better than Professor Park of Andover. He has been a great reader of Edwards, South, Howe, and Jeremy Taylor; and of modern preachers, Spurgeon, Storrs, Henry Van Dyke, and Moody. On the contrary he has read sparingly of poetry, and not at all of fiction,—which shows the tendency to run to extremes.

More love and matrimony and less election and reprobation might have been wholesome for the mind. But his intellectual diet has not shortened his life. He is ninety, and not ninety in the shade, either. It is the privilege of the ministry, at all events, whether in high or humble stations, to guard its honor, to magnify the office and the man, and to remember that dull pews will make a poor sermon as well as dull speaking, and that not infrequently the dull pulpit is a reflection of dull hearers.

IV.

THE GUEST CHAMBER.

THE ghosts of frigid memories may be aroused, should the guest chamber be identified with the old-time spare room — especially with the frosting congealing the breath, and working his marvelous designs upon the window-panes. When hospitality to the clerical profession was more extended than at present, it was sometimes known as the minister's room, and the heralds of the Gospel were not averse to often risking its privileges.

In days antedating the modern appliances for heating, the guest chamber was just a trifle too suggestive of some views of Christian benevolence ; it was as cold as charity. It might have recalled that, no doubt apocryphal, gentleman, who being accidentally confined in a large refrigerator, was asked upon his release how he felt while incarcerated, and remarked — as if he were at a church sociable. But the spare room and the church sociable have alike changed for the better. No longer does the exaggerated

incident apply, if it ever did, to the occupant of an antiquated guest chamber who had to leave the bed and curl himself up on the marble top bureau, to prevent meeting his death.

But such an incident would leave a false impression even in bygone days, for who ever missed the kindly offices of mine hostess in moderating the discomforts of the traditional bedroom, with the welcome warming-pan ; or the quickly generated heat, by means of the domestic *jugglery*, diffusing a thermal radiation, which like Cowper's cup of tea, cheers, but not inebriates ? Fortunately there is no woe against putting the bottle to our neighbor's feet.

It must not, however, be forgotten that the spare room of the former domestic dispensation, as rehabilitated in memory and imagination, was an indispensable factor in the household economy. There must be a place in the heart and home, no matter how humble, for dispensing hospitality. If not so entertaining to the young scions of the family as the attic with its spinning-wheels and innumerable other relics of a memorable past, turning it into a veritable curiosity shop or Noah's ark — the spare room was far more mysterious and ghostlike. It was kept apart and devoted to the most sacred ministries of kinship and friendship, or brought into requi-

sition only on the most exceptional household occasions.

The stiff, tall furniture arranged with painful precision against the wall, the high feather bed and its faultless counterpane, the pictures illustrative of Scripture subjects, rural scenes, patriotic statesmen, or military heroes, revealed the plain, enduring virtues and modest family cordiality, out of which they came.

And how much it embodied of the past, with its fleeting family life, memorable anniversaries, and extended acquaintanceship. How many stories its walls might tell of the generations that had shared its shelter and gone their way upon the earth, or passed into the guest chamber of higher mansions. Hawthorne tells the meanings of such a room in "The House of the Seven Gables." "The bed-chamber, no doubt, was a chamber of very great and varied experience, as a scene of human life; the joy of bridal nights had throbbed itself away here; new immortals had first drawn earthly breath here; and here old people had died; but a person of delicate instinct would have known at once that it had now, by the visit of Phœbe Pyncheon, become a maiden's bed-chamber, and had become purified of all former evil and sorrow by her sweet breath, and happy thoughts."

And it is pleasing to know that the sanctities and suggestions of the guest chamber, no matter what its form or furnishing, join together all the ages of the world, and touch the springs of life which make the whole world kin.

It calls to mind the great woman of Shunem in the days of the Prophet Elisha who said to her husband, "Behold now, I perceive that this is a holy man of God, which passeth by us continually. Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed, and a stool, and a candlestick: and it shall be when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither." And the Shunammite woman builded better than she knew, for the prophet entered into the greatest joys and sorrows of her life. The little chamber on the wall came to have a door opening into the chamber of her heart, and grew tremulous, as every room does through the years, with memory, faith and hope. We may say of any guest chamber, "so much of mankind's varied experience had passed there, — so much had been suffered, and something, too, enjoyed, — that the very timbers were oozy, as with the moisture of a heart. It was itself like a great human heart with a life of its own, and full of rich and somber reminiscences."

Do not echoes reach us to this day from

“that large upper room furnished,” in the holy city? and the question returns over and over again, “Where is the guest chamber [or stranger’s room] where I shall eat the passover with my disciples?” Have they not a deeper meaning as the Lenten Season brings us once more into closer sympathy with the heart problems, and sacred communions, of the guest chamber out of which came the tragedy and victory of the Master’s life?

I have beside me as I write a volume entitled “The Chamber of Peace,” bound in brown linen, embellished with blue harebells, and bearing the memories of one who often met in the chamber of peace where she waited and worshiped for years, this same divine guest who knocks at every heart door and would become the companion of all lives. How finely Bunyan draws the closing scene of such a lifelong communion: “The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, facing the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace.”

But the old guest chamber belongs to former times. The advent of domestic comforts—steam and electricity, combined with the ampler means of the people—have brought even to the farm and village an improved household economy. Human habitations in remote districts

are rendered genial and radiant by modern appliances. And it is needless to say that architecture and art, combined with good taste, and easier and more natural family ways, have converted the guest chambers of city homes into embodiments of beauty and harmony, to repose in which is a veritable means of grace.

It was my privilege not long ago to occupy a guest chamber in a home of the Empire State, with which I was familiar at the very beginning of my ministry. It was incorporated in a fine old mansion, erected in his native town by a retired merchant of New York City, a man of high character and Christian faith. The spacious home was built in the style of its time, with liberal halls and stairways, lofty ceilings, elegant and elaborate finishings and furnishings, and adorned with the paintings of noted artists. Its situation is just a little retired from the public highway, and the entrance reached by driveways running through a grove of fine old trees. It has entertained many guests, not a few of whom were members and friends of our faith. Memories of Chapin, with whose church in New York the host in his life-time was associated, and of Sawyer, familiar with the region, of Balch, of Nye, and a host of others, linger about the fine old homestead, — as they do

around other households in the general vicinity. The years had brought wonderful transformations to the little church, to families and personal friends. The members of the household who remain represent the broken lights of the past, and administer yet the old-time cordiality under the same roof and in the same commodious apartments.

But the guest chamber, again renewed in memory, seemed fragrant with many lives. The figures of the past which had come and gone, — as kindred, friends, visitors, — were grouped by fancy into one undivided band. The flutter of wings seemed to disturb the silence of the generation since the guest chamber had heard my foot-fall. All the clergymen who sat about the board of its dining-hall as guests, on the day of my ordination to the ministry in the little church, and made the intervening hour bright with social life and flashes of wisdom, intermingled with many a merry quip, — from Chapin, who preached the sermon, along the whole line, — have gone the way of all the earth. The moments of meditation in the guest chamber of the old mansion were significant and suggestive.

I found in the morning by the side of the high pier mirror, reposing modestly among such

little æsthetic fancies as a tasteful mind and deft hand might gather, half revealed and half concealed by its surroundings, a tasteful *brochure*, and on its unprinted pages the autographs and dates of occupancy of many who had made the guest chamber their temporary abiding place. And as a greeting to its visitors the little booklet breathed the good wishes of these lines, which, to me, were made vocal with many tongues : —

“ Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
O thou, whoe’er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy peaceful heart.
Thy Master is thy changeless friend,
His love surrounds thee still ;
Forget thyself and all the world —
Put out each light —
The stars are watching overhead ;
Sleep sweetly, then, — Good-night ! ”

The guest chamber was pervaded no longer by sadness, but radiant with memory and faith, hope and heaven. Like Hawthorne’s guest chamber under the seven gables, it seemed to front towards the east, so that at a very seasonable hour a glow of crimson light came flooding through the windows and bathed the aspiring ceiling and heavy drapery in its own hue.

V.

A TIE VOTE.

A FEW days ago the Senate of the United States was equally divided on a public question, and must have remained indefinitely in that balanced condition, had not the vice-president — the presiding officer — broken the deadlock by a casting vote.

Not a few of the State legislatures have been of late in practically the same situation, touching the election of United States Senators. The votes have not been decisive. "No choice" has been the oft repeated announcement after the ballotings. The situation has been so marked by the mutual checking of political forces, that nothing whatever was accomplished. Perhaps some one — very likely before these lines are read — will use the balance of power or change position, and so break the combinations, and produce decisive action. But while the vote remains a tie, the monotonous action continues, and no positive direction is taken.

It is the boy on his rocking-horse, much motion but no progress.

Which things are an allegory. Are not the faculties of our being in general convention assembled, a kind of legislative body arrayed in hostile camps, often so balanced as to prevent decision, and practically rendering null and void personal service and influence? These contending parties are known in the republic of the soul as the flesh and the spirit, the world and the church, God and Mammon, and they often so neutralize each other as to bring the moral being, as regards decided influence, to a dead standstill. A tie vote occurs in the spiritual legislature, and nothing whatever is accomplished. The presiding officer, Conscience, should give the casting vote and throw the whole weight on the right side.

But as long as the deadlock continues the Senate of the soul remains in equipoise between the two evenly divided forces. This neutralizing contention will go on until the spiritual situation is changed by the vigorous and controlling action of some member who will carry the whole body to one side or the other. And that act of decision is the crucial point — the decisive hour — of a human life. This deadlock of the soul must be broken. It is needless

to say that too many are chronically in this state of suspended action. They are found tetering between opposing forces, losing by a hair's weight, a strong positive religious bearing, and counteracting the good there is in them, by lack of preponderating influence on the right side. They are tied up by opposing votes. It is the Senate of contending faculties, without any commanding presence to give a casting vote — an invisible Delaware or Pennsylvania legislature, unable to free itself from contending interests, and come to a determining action.

I suspect the Master himself encountered this religious deadlock when he said to a wavering young life, "One thing thou lackest." There the youth stood poised for a while between rival tendencies, unable to carry the legislature for the Christian side, until at last some lobbyist or demagogue or briber turned the balance in the wrong direction, and he went away sorrowful.

A like result confronts every soul tied up in a half and half way, preventing preponderating action, and causing a loss of spiritual energy and direction. We are simply the victims of a tie vote, and fail to take whole-hearted positions on the right side. Our influence for

good causes is therefore at zero. When the Tennessean was summoned to declare for the Union or secession, he hesitated because of the risk on either side, until at last, giving it up, he declared, "Gentlemen, I'm nothin', and mighty little of that!" It is the result of every tie vote among our senatorial faculties. An illiterate man thus balanced, when summoned to declare himself, unconsciously hit the nail on the head: "I'm nuisance;" for a man who says "I'm neutral" practically proclaims himself "a nuisance," so far at least as all good movements are concerned. The Scotch woman who, being pressed by her minister for a description of Adam, finally said, "Weel, he was just like Jeems Madden, ye ken; naebody got anything by him and mony lost." The same is true of a self-neutralizing life.

Can we not bring into the councils of our being something approaching unanimity as to our religious position and service? No one can deny that there is a great lack of personal influence by reason of this tie vote between the opposing sides of our nature. We are not influentially committed to any position. We cannot be reckoned upon as positive forces. If counted at all on the side of religion, it is rather from courtesy on the part of others than convic-

tion on the part of ourselves. What is needed is the casting vote. A little of the stricter, severer ruling of a spiritual Tom Reed might liberate us from the paralysis of our higher powers. And instead of carrying our inward forces by a paltry casting vote, with its narrow chances, why not do, as is often done in nominating bodies, move to make it unanimous, and so fulfill Paul's desire that the whole spirit and soul and body be committed to the divine service? A concentration of influence on our part would help to carry other divided soul-assemblies for righteousness and truth.

I remember standing by a gentleman when an early acquaintance who had not seen him for many years approached and eagerly inquired, "Is not this John Rantain?" Extending his hand heartily, the gentleman addressed answered, "It is, *by a large majority.*" It is well if a man is a Christian by a large majority, but far better if he can carry the whole convention of powers, and produce one undisputed and unmistakable impression. That is what our churches need and what our ministry is just now especially seeking. The prime necessity is to break the spiritual deadlock, neutralize the tie vote in the soul, and set it moving with constancy and concentration on the right side.

“Johnny,” said his mother, “this is the sixth time you’ve asked me to let you play with Willie Tuffly. Now, how many times do you wish me to say no?” “None,” replied Johnny; “I’m huntin’ for a yes.” We are hunting for the same thing — an affirmative on the side of Christian decision, so vigorously pronounced that the tie vote blocking the wheels of our being will lose its power. I am quite sure if we should adopt John Quincy Adams’ standard, and weigh the ballots instead of counting them, the result would be on the right side. As it is, this tie vote of human nature finds illustration in the dialogue of the young wife and her husband. She summoned him to rock the baby, and when he hesitated enforced the summons on the ground that half the baby belonged to him, and it was only fair that he should do half the domestic service; whereupon he remarked, “Well, you can rock your half, and let my half holler.” The Christian cradle presents many such infantile exhibitions. The different halves clamor alone for their own interests. To unify the demand of character, to seek first, and central to all the rest, the divine kingdom, to harmonize the action of the United Soul’s Congress, will crown our life legislation with success.

VI.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN SALUTE.

THE Chautauquan Institute, just now beginning its second quarter century, among a number of other things has given rise to the famous Chautauquan Salute. It is the greeting given in their great assemblies by the flutter of handkerchiefs — a sort of “wave offering,” so to speak — and if not to the Lord, after the Jewish wave offering of shoulders and sheaves, — then to the Lord’s representatives.

The Chautauquan Salute has been widely adopted by the Christian Endeavor societies, the Epworth Leagues, and the Young People’s Unions, as expressive of welcome, approval, and enthusiasm. And it must be confessed that the simultaneous, almost magical, display of scores and hundreds of these white-winged, lace-trimmed messengers, dancing on the delicate finger-tips of fair hands, creates a pleasing and rapturous impression. Without doubt, we shall behold it in all its efflorescence and effulgence of fervor at the coming National Conference of

Young People's Unions in Lynn. Such manifestations of youthful zeal, so daintily expressed, always awaken and extend the same feelings in others. Mental moods are catching.

In fact, any expression of unity, loyalty, patriotism, philanthropy or piety, is flame-kindling to kindred sentiments. The waving palm branches in Jerusalem at the triumphal entry of Jesus touched the sensibilities of the Master, and aroused the religious and national memories and hopes of the people. The waving banners in Boston and in the surrounding towns, over the recent return from service of the Fifth Regiment of Massachusetts, — a scene repeated in many sections throughout the land, — stirred the gratitude and admiration of the beholders.

The history of the different methods of salutation in social, civic, and religious life, would prove to be an interesting study. The firing of cannon, the dipping of colors, the presenting of arms, the symbolical designs, the grouping of decorations, the display of portraits, are a few of these salutatory manifestations designed to express emotions, and honor persons and principles. The ways of salutation in other nations, ancient and modern, would open up a curious and instructive investigation. But they

all spring from the same root in human nature. And among these is to be found to-day the display known as the Chautauquan Salute.

But while the poetical and sentimental side of the handkerchief salutation is attractive and significant, it has sometimes occurred to me that on the line of a deeper and more thoughtful delicacy, and especially on the line of sanitation, the Chautauquan Salute does not commend itself to the hygienic and biological wisdom of the present generation.

When we consider the vast national and international gatherings,—such as the great Sunday School Convention soon to meet in Atlanta, and the Young People's organizations that from time to time throng our cities,—breathing the exhausted air in halls and churches, and oppressed by a high temperature, and then come to add to this the subtle and invisible exhalations let loose by this modern “hand language,” it drops from the fairy region of sentiment to the dead level of science. The gauzy wings of the white doves, palpitating their welcome on the air, are instantly clipped by the cold shears of this hard, matter-of-fact age. The beautiful illusion is dispelled when we come to look beneath the outward flash and flutter to the deeper laws that govern health

and life. And the hidden danger is intensified when we reflect that the circumstances of a great assembly in unwonted situations, of necessity may partially suspend John Wesley's dictum, that cleanliness is next to godliness.

This sentimental and scientific analysis of the Chautauquan salute may, in the opinion of some, savor of a supersensitiveness that would put under the microscope and scalpel, for classification and dissection, the most sacred and cherished elements of life; and provoke comparison with the lady of an intensely modern type, who was asked why she no longer sent her son to school, and replied that she found it impossible to get him "sterilized" so early in the morning. Nevertheless, while the Young People's organizations are busy evolving new banners, new songs, new methods, why may they not expend some of their well-known grit and grace and genius in devising a new mode of salutation which shall conform to both sacred and sanitary conditions. Such an expedient would harmonize with the advanced spirit of the times. In these days of the merry microbe, the banqueting bacillus, the brave bacterium, the innocent infusorium and the preying parasite, when the germ theory dominates what we breathe and eat and drink and are, so that the

only absolutely safe thing is to die and be done with it altogether — the usages of society ought to conform to the latest knowledge. What if the result should be similar in some instances to that up-to-date physiologist who had so studied his individual make-up that he feared to pick up a pin lest he break one of his minute ten million blood vessels.

Already these new ideas, however, are excluding feculent matter from drinking-water by filtration, destroying extraneous life in the lacteal fluid by sterilization, in garments and dwelling houses by disinfection, from streets and cars by controlling the sub-maxillary and sub-lingual glands, by interdicting Paul's salutation of the holy kiss, and even from Christian fellowship by individual communion cups. The extent and variety of life have been wonderfully revealed, and organisms are seen to multiply with marvelous rapidity both by fission and by spores. This whole thing is in the air, literally so, — and everywhere else for that matter, — and the Chautauquan salute must recognize the situation and govern itself accordingly.

But besides these sanitary and scientific considerations, based on a better knowledge of life and nature, it is embarrassing to think of the

innumerable and indescribable perfumeries released upon the circumambient air by the waving of a thousand handkerchiefs. What strange aërial combinations and companionships must be realized as these pungent particles meet and greet and mingle, neutralizing each other's peculiarities, or blending to produce new ones for the astonishment of the olfactory nerves. The very idea of it confuses the senses and suggests some one's description (was it Coleridge's?) of the distinct concentrated essences of the city of Cologne. These invisible spirits of the air bear names of marvelous variety, — some drawn from nature, — as violet, heliotrope, white rose, crab-apple blossom, lilac, magnolia, musk, lily of the valley, mayflower, and pink; some from localities, as Persian bouquet, Morbel of Peru, Florida water, Rob Roy, French carnation, Indian bouquet, Orizaba, and Ylang Ylang; some from miscellaneous sources, as Jockey Club, poponax, and Baby Ruth, — a perfumed tribute to the Cleveland family. So lovely!

The most of these volatile and penetrating extracts and essences, taken separately and at first hand, might delight the senses, but this transfusion of spirits and swapping of identities is more confusing than the Christian denomina-

tions, and makes stranger bed-fellows than politics.

And so, while the handkerchief is a necessary adjunct of civilization, and a symptom of the progress of mankind, it has its limitations, and may well be retired from active duty as a medium of emotion. If it should be put to vote in an intelligent assembly as to its use in this respect, I have very little doubt but that the *noes* would have it.

VII

A SWEET REVENGE

WHEN Whittier was asked, whether the cruelties of Andersonville prison did not make him crave revenge, he replied, the act of emancipation was the revenge for Andersonville. Such revenges are sweet according to the highest Christian standards. The satisfaction of a noble mind is to return good for evil, and witness the success of movements for truth, freedom, and humanity, for which labor and life have been expended.

A like noble revenge is just now associated with the memory of the Rev. Hosea Ballou. His birthday fell on Sunday, April 30; and at the very hour when not a few of our ministers were making an improvement of the anniversary, the Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., pastor of the Old South Church of Boston, was delivering a remarkable discourse, in celebration of the abrogation a few days before, by his church, of the Westminster Confession, for so many

years, and still in many parts, the recognized standard of the Orthodox faith.

It was a remarkable and pleasing coincidence, that Dr. Gordon fell upon the birthday of Mr. Ballou for expressing his repudiation of the hoary Calvinistic tenets. As the old hero of faith looked down from celestial heights upon the scene in the Old South Church, and listened to the scathing words of an accredited evangelical clergyman, and saw the large congregation agreeing with the preacher's estimate of the old-time formula, it must have been just such a sweet revenge as might fill the cup of happiness of any saint in heaven. No more appropriate observance of the faithful pioneer's advent into this world, and of his work in demolishing the dogmas of the creeds, could have been devised by Dr. Gordon, had he set out to pay honor to the ministry of that Universalist herald.

It would not be amiss to extend to the Old South clergyman a vote of thanks for his timely deliverance. A most significant act it was, on such a day in the calendar of the Universalist Church, to formally strike the banner of orthodoxy as a thing of the past. Dr. Miner published a book entitled "The Old Forts Taken," but even that stalwart soldier, living nearer to the revolutions and revelations of to-day, did

not anticipate a formal repudiation of the venerable Westminster Creed. Some of us can remember when the star-spangled banner was hoisted again over forts of the United States, where another flag had for a while displaced it. It was a sweet revenge for those who sought only the good of the whole land. It floated aloft with malice toward none, with charity for all. I was present in Lowell when a monument was dedicated to Ladd and Whitney, who fell in Baltimore on their way to defend the National Capitol in the Civil War, and I witnessed the ceremony of presenting the American flag from Maryland to Governor Andrew for Massachusetts, as a symbol of sorrow and sympathy. These were acts of a noble revenge and reconciliation.

A similar note of gratitude and joy must have been struck by the spirit, when on Father Ballou's anniversary the ensign of Calvinism was hauled down from the steeple of the Old South, and openly discarded as an expression of the faith of the people.

It will be remembered that the Old South is the only orthodox church in Boston, antedating the present century, that was not swept into the Unitarian movement. The Park Street Church was later organized as a barrier against the

incoming tide of a more reasonable faith, and Dr. Lyman Beecher became the standard bearer of the traditional creed. But now even the venerable Old South has, in a way more radical than all, boldly proclaimed its abandonment of the once dominant faith. Certainly the revenges of time are sweet, and when, as in this instance, repudiation of dogmas becomes coincident with the anniversary of the birth of a conspicuous leader of thought in the present century, we may hail it as a sort of poetic justice. The Providence of God seems to punctuate the event, and makes the contrast of the old and the new more emphatic and startling.

In 1852 Hosea Ballou was present at a great festival of the Universalists in Boston. It was not long before his departure. The scene has become historic. The hall was decorated with flags, pennons, and festoons. Father Ballou was called upon to speak of the progress of the Universalist faith. "Certain Scriptures," said he, "relating to the progress of truth, come to my mind;" and then he added, "I recall the handful of corn upon the top of the mountain and the fruit thereof shaking like Lebanon." "I saw the Universalist denomination when it was like that handful of corn upon the top of a sterile mountain, and I see it as I have seen it

this day. Does not the increase shake like Lebanon? I have lived to realize . . . that there is not an opposer of Universalism in the world, who is not at heart a Universalist. And how long do you suppose they can keep out of their heads that which is in their hearts?" As the old Patriarch sat down, the whole assembly rose as by one impulse, and gave three cheers to the hero of many hard-fought battles. He was a seer, for heads and hearts join to-day their testimony. And in less than a half century from that inspiring scene, he looks down upon the most conspicuous representative of the orthodox faith in Boston, who, without the least terror of a trial for heresy, says harder things against Calvinism than Ballou could find it in his tender heart ever to utter. Dr. Gordon calls it "the disregarded, but unrepudiated, creed of the Presbyterian churches of Scotland and America." "No sane disciple of Christ can read the Gospel and say that the Westminster Confession is a true interpretation of it." "It was too much for human nature to bear to exalt God so high, and to sink man to such abysses. To be willing to be damned for the glory of God is more than man is equal to." "It contradicts the conscience and heart of mankind, and outrages every instinct of our

nature.” “In the name of the human heart, in the name of Christ’s love, and in the name of his ignorance, let him refuse to repeat the Calvinistic blasphemy.” And much more to the same effect, spoken in the general region of Father Ballou’s old parish, and on his birthday.

This is a revenge unalloyed by any earthly passion. The errors in religion assaulted by the School Street Universalist pulpit, and represented, at that day, by the Old South pulpit, have been vanquished, and the white banner of universal love is displayed by the successors of those who stood for darkness and doubt. “Who,” said President McKinley, on a recent occasion, “shall haul down the American flag?” Who, we may echo, will haul down the flag of universal law, love, liberty, and light, defiantly thrown to the theological breeze by Dr. Gordon, on the birthday of Hosea Ballou? Not that any one man or denomination has done all this work. Not that Dr. Gordon agrees with the philosophy of Father Ballou, nor that the Old South preacher can be justly claimed as a Universalist. But he has joined, at this belated day, the ranks of those who have broken loose from the old systems, and is working in a new field to prepare the way for something better.

Dr. Gordon throws now and then a sop to the

old theory, and is still entangled in the meshes of Calvinistic conceptions. Their preconceived notions tinge his exegesis. He even involves the Bible in the horrors of Calvinistic reprobation. He lays down Universalist principles, and hesitates to draw Universalist conclusions. He makes no positive declaration of belief as to human destiny. He sees it possible that under the government of Universal power and beneficence souls may be forever lost. He leaves a doubt as to the final result, which wrenches the heart as badly as Calvinism, and gives no certain comfort to any distracted mind. He presents a possible hope for all, in the future life, but is careful to make no affirmation that will classify him as believing in universal salvation. He is a John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness of past associations, and preparing the way for a positive statement of faith that will make the revenge of the Universalist pioneers sweet indeed.

Stopford A. Brooke told me, at the close of his sermon in Bedford Chapel, London, referring to the doctrine of "eternal hope," "Eternal hope is eternal nothing. Humanity will have a positive faith as to the destiny of mankind." It will not accept Dr. Gordon's advice, "Let the bewildered Christian take refuge in his ignorance."

Has the Christian revelation nothing for bewildered souls but "ignorance" on the supreme question, involving every consideration touching human destiny? The Old South preacher must read once more the famous words of John Robinson, the Puritan, "For I am very confident that the Lord hath much more truth to break forth out of his Holy Word. . . . Though Luther and Calvin were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God, but were they now living would be willing to embrace further light." Further light must yet come for the agnostic, the compromiser, the straddler, enabling them to see a "successful God" only in a successful moral and spiritual universe. And that necessitates Universalism, the sweet revenge of infinite and everlasting love.

VIII.

THE GOSPEL AND THE NEXT MAN.

IN this day of Conventions, national and international, of political combinations, commercial corporations, and trusts, we are liable to overlook the importance of individual effort. The demand is organization, combination, and co-operation. This is the genius of the age, and is not to be indiscriminately combated.

It may be well, nevertheless, — and, indeed, because of the present magnifying of social relations, — to make more emphatic the opportunities that arise from personal contact, and so keep up the other side. We should not only recognize humanity in the aggregate, but take note of the separate units. The very next man, and every next man, presents for us the call to Christian duty. We may do service, through organizations and institutions, which constitute a present and commendable feature of the solidarity of humanity, and also by using agents and proxies, — but this does not exempt us from personal effort to fill the opportunities all

about us. The person who stands next to us in business, in society, in the church, in the home, is our missionary field, our means of church extension, and for setting in motion forces that may accomplish untold wonders.

A generation or more ago this attention to the next duty was much insisted upon by the school of transcendentalists. It was then a novel thought. Carlyle and Emerson rang the changes on it. The clergy took up the cry, and enforced the duty and opportunity nearest to the individual. Attend to the next thing, and the next, as they arise, and so fill life right about you with beneficent deeds.

James Freeman Clarke was possessed with this new-born philosophy of life. Dr. Hale, in his biography of this noble Christian man, says, "At the end of the divinity course, in those days, the young men of the Senior class began to write sermons, and to preach them as they were asked. It is an interesting thing to find that the text of his first sermon was the text of his life :

" ' Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' The manuscript, afterward burned at the edges in an accidental fire, lies before me. It is indorsed in ink now brown, — ' Preached, Theological School ; first sermon ; '

again, 'Preached at Mr. Whitman's, July 21, 1833;' again, 'Preached without notes, December 1, 1833.'"

After the formal introduction to the sermon he states the text as meaning, "*What lies at hand: in other words, Perform thy nearest duty.*" Such was the resolution with which he went forth to battle. Young Clarke caught the idea that was in the atmosphere of his time, the duty nearest was to be attended to promptly, the next man was to be influenced, the pleading cause was to be assisted. To be useful, to be helpful, to be influential, did not require long outlooks, or a far-away vision. Find your opportunity right about you. Speak to the next man.

This makes a definite object, and an object practicable for each person. He does not beat the air or fire at random, but goes for the nearest duty, with a definite purpose and tangible result. Too often in our religious efforts, we actualize the boy's definition of a kitten: "A kitten is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever, and stopping before it gets there." Rushing like "mad," or rather like glad, for the next man, and never stopping till we get there, and getting there for his good, is the spirit and purpose of the earnest Christian.

In fact, we may sometimes begin our Mis-

sionary and Church Extension work a little nearer home than even the next man. Let it accomplish a more radical work within ourselves, and it will help us mightily in winning our next-door neighbor. "Make thyself right, and then thou mayest be sure there is one less rascal in the world," is Carlyle's pithy advice as to the way to begin reforming mankind.

This method of looking after the next man we must not forget was the original method with the Gospel. The first disciples were a kind of "hand-picked" spiritual fruit. The tree of humanity was not shaken by a great tempest of the spirit till some time later at Pentecost. There were no windfalls. In the beginning it was from heart to heart and from home to home. We have the whole spirit of it in that early recital. Jesus called the next man. He was Andrew, and Andrew found *his* next man, and he did not have far to look for him, for he lighted right upon his own brother, Simon Peter, who became a wonderful apostle, and whose fame to-day fills the Christian world. The next day Jesus found Philip and called him, — a man a day, — and Philip straightway found *his* next man, and summoned Nathanael to the great work. And so this finding the next man has been going on till, standing side

by side through the Christian centuries, the line would reach many times round the globe. So much for looking after the next man. Despise not the day of small things. Remember the leaven and the mustard-seed.

The Episcopal Church has been utilizing for some time this primitive incident in the Gospel of the next man. It has "The Brotherhood of St. Andrew," based upon the circumstance of Andrew calling his own brother Simon. It is an organization of young Episcopalians. The individual members pledge themselves to do just what Andrew did, find a person and bring him into Christian service. Each finds another and induces him to join the ranks. He opens a recruiting-office for the Gospel.

We do not have, and perhaps do not need, the "Brotherhood of St. Andrew." We have other organizations already, — the Christian Church, the Young People's Union, the Sunday School, and many auxiliary societies, and all we need is to fill the members, personally, with the spirit of St. Andrew, and have each representative look about him for the next person, — man, woman, or child, old or young, — and bring him into the Christian fold. Not more machines, but more steam. That is the great work now to be done by our people.

It is not impossible that we may sometimes abuse the spirit of organization, and conclude that the general body is in some way a substitute for individual loyalty and service, the effect being practically expressed in this incident: "We are getting up a Klondike club." "When do you go?" "We are not going at all; we are organizing to keep one another *from* going." Every member of a Christian organization is organized to go. By virtue of his position and relation, he is obliged to reach the next man and enlist him in the common service. There is nothing so powerful as a personality. Individuals have stood at the dividing of the ways in history and formed the pivots upon which has turned the destiny of the world. They have inspired the causes, enlisted the helpers next at hand, and the work so started has gone on conquering and to conquer.

"A soul," says Martineau, "occupied with great ideas best performs small duties; the divinest views of life penetrate most clearly the meanest emergencies." Get into your life the Christian law of social and spiritual attraction and the lives about you will be penetrated by your personal power. And you also will conquer the next man. It may need only an earnest, sympathetic word, a cordial hand-grasp,

backed by a good example. Dr. Pentecost puts it in this way: "Go, let go, help go." To do this you do not of necessity have to look far away to Japan, India, Africa. We need home missionaries, and very near home. In fact, there are plenty of foreign missions right about us, if that is your ambition. We have China, Ethiopia, Italy, Portugal, Poland, and all the rest, around the corner, and others, even nearer to us, whom we may reach.

"I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me."

Without even one step, right next to you, the opportunities of life will swarm in the way.

What the humblest of us can do for others may be seen by this little "parable" from the "Wellspring":

"One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to ascend a long, winding stair.

"Where are you going?' said the taper.

"Away high up,' said the man; 'higher than the top of the house where we sleep.'

"And what are you going to do there?' said the taper.

"I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is,' said the man. 'For we

stand here at the entrance to the harbor, and some ships far out on the stormy sea may be looking for our light even now.'

"'Alas! no ship could ever see my light,' said the little taper, 'it is so very small.'

"'If your light is small,' said the man, 'keep it burning bright, and leave the rest to me.'

"Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse, for this was a lighthouse they were in, he took the little taper, and with it lighted the great lamps that stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them.

"You who think your little light of so small account, can you not see what God may do with it? SHINE — and leave the rest to Him."

IX.

WAYSIDE SOWING AND REAPING.

THE lessons of harvest, like the fruits of harvest, have lately been gathered. Both are good crops, although in different spheres. Let us believe in the doctrine of correspondences.

It is a familiar saying that in order to reap we must sow. Wayside reaping will only come from wayside sowing. We must sow beside all waters, sow early and late, and believe that the results will be seen though it be after many days.

Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'n't deceive our hope.

I have lately met a few facts more personal than I could wish, illustrative of this law in the vineyard of life.

Leaving the Bethany Union one day in the earlier autumn, I was obliged to wait for a car at Tremont Street. There is always something to see if you keep your eyes open. I chanced to observe a respectable and intelligent appearing, elderly gentleman, evidently the occupant

of the house in front of which he stood, and who busied himself in giving the children as they passed, a few flowers, with some pleasant words. As I witnessed this wayside sowing and reaping of happiness, I bethought me of my own opportunity to scatter a seed of satisfaction in the heart of the old man himself. So I made bold to say, "Excuse me, sir, but it seems to me a most agreeable mission on your part to be giving the children the flowers as they pass; and it ought to give you as much happiness as it gives the recipients." "Yes," said he, "I know myself from a contrary experience what a child may think of such attentions. I am now eighty-three years old, and I remember that when I was five years old I had given me by my mother my first pair of trousers. I donned them you may believe early in the morning, and I took my place out on the sidewalk, just as I am now giving flowers to the children, and said to myself, 'The man who lives next door, when he comes out to go to his store, will see me in my new trousers, and won't he be surprised, and say what a big boy I've come to be!'" and I fed my heart on being seen in the new departure, always so interesting in a child's life. At length the neighbor emerged, came down the steps, passed by me as I stood

with my hands in my pockets, and he never said a word, or even glanced at me; and," said the old gentleman vehemently, "I hated that man till the day of his death, and remember it with bitterness even now, nearly eighty years after the event. And I am doing what I can to make other children happy, now that I am so old I can't do anything else." There was wayside sowing and wayside reaping, the past and the present, right out of the same heart. Eighty years before, an opportunity had been lost to sow a seed of joy in a child's life. The wayside sowing, whatever it is, will bring its return.

I will be excused if I make it yet more personal, for my experience is the experience of others. A few weeks ago I met a gentleman, unknown to me, but who introduced himself by saying, "You once did me a kindness, which perhaps made no impression upon *you*, but it did on me. At the time, I was just recovering from a severe illness, and it was my first venture into the open air. I had walked away all my strength, and, exhausted, boarded a street car full of passengers, and you promptly, and with a sympathetic recognition of the situation, gave me your seat. Not until ten years afterward did I know who you were, but, seeing

you on a public platform, I found out by making inquiry. I never see you without recalling your courtesy to me in my weakness." I knew nothing about the man, could not recall the circumstance, did nothing that others are not daily doing. It was a small matter, anyway, but it was a seed of wayside sowing from which I gathered the wayside blessing.

Per contra, for I might as well open my heart a little wider in this, for me, quite unusual way. I was joined one Sunday afternoon, as I came out from a funeral service, by a gentleman who surprised me by saying, "I have had very hard feelings against you, sir, for a long time, and now I want to speak of it." I replied, "It seems impossible, as I cannot recall you to my mind, much less anything that could have caused hard feelings toward me on your part." "Well," he continued, "I am a conductor on the street car. And don't you remember giving me, one day, a five-dollar bill, out of which to take a five-cent fare?" The case seemed to break down in my memory, at the point of my having had the five dollars. But I owned up that such an event might have taken place. "I was greatly driven that day," said he, "tired out, and inwardly impatient. I stopped and changed the bill, but ever after,

for some reason — perhaps the thought that you must have had some small change somewhere about you — I always had unpleasant feelings towards you. But when I heard the prayer at the funeral to-day I relented, and said if I had the opportunity I would make confession and ask forgiveness for my bad spirit." Here I had been, all unconsciously, sowing in that brother's heart a seed of disaffection. It *may* not have been so much in the act as something in my manner. Perhaps I did not appreciate the inconvenience to him. We were both just then doing a little wayside reaping from the wayside sowing. But that man and myself were fast friends ever after, and have, to this day, occasional interchanges as we ride together on a rail.

May I go a little further while in this business, and turn my heart quite inside out? I have a clerical brother, one of our ablest ministers, for whom I have always had the greatest admiration and affection, who for a number of years, during an early, but I hope superficial, acquaintance, as he afterward informed me with commendable candor, thought that I, the least of all the saints, in fact hardly a saint at all, was the most conceited, egotistical, self-opinionated, puffed-up individual in all our

ministry. I do not know really but what he was right, for a man wants to be great in something, but I was fearfully sorry that he had found me out. I never felt that way about him, but thought, and still think, him big-hearted, generous and grand. I could not fall back even on Voltaire's celebrated *mot*, when he spoke in enthusiastic praise of a French savant, and was told that the man whose merits he extolled thought him (Voltaire) the greatest of all scoundrels. "Ah," said he, "very likely we are both mistaken!" When a Chinese finds some one thinking unkindly of him, instead of turning upon the brother with reproaches, he turns upon himself, and inquires within, "What have I done, how have I borne myself toward this man, that he should get such an impression of me?" And so he begins to examine and correct himself. Evidently there had been on my part some bad wayside sowing and reaping. It is to be hoped that our recent consecration meeting and common pledges may lead to greater carefulness in scattering abroad the seeds of love, fellowship and confidence. And even misunderstandings may be dissipated by openness and frankness, and by confessing our faults one to another.

But a more delightful wayside reaping came

to me not many months ago. At the close of a Sunday service a gentleman approached me, saying, "My name is Crawford, and I am from Newark, New Jersey. To-day is the anniversary of the battle of Antietam. I was wounded in that battle, and brought afterward to my home in Newark, where you were at the time a pastor, and all through that hard and painful experience you visited me, and were frequent and constant as a sympathizing attendant; and I have never forgotten it; and being on a visit to my sister, who is here at church with me this morning, and who lives in a neighboring town, I have come here expressly, after these many years, to make my personal acknowledgments to you for your kindness in that time of distress."

I could not recall a single circumstance of that obliterated experience. The man himself was a dim personality to my memory. I could not, by any effort, reconstruct his personality. But it was a great, as it was an unexpected, pleasure, to glean just a little in a field where I had unconsciously done some wayside sowing so many years ago. It is the only thing worth having in life. It is the harvest, in the experience of the minister, that brings the most blessed results.

I might as well now go the whole length in this vein, and add that a letter accidentally found by me the other day, while trying to verify a date, shows how we may sow and reap in the furrows of opportunity, and also how we may scatter seeds for reaping in distant places. The letter was sent me by J. Sargeant, chaplain of the 13th Regiment of Vermont Volunteers, and is dated Camp Vermont, near Alexandria, Va., Nov. 18, 1862. It related to soldiers wounded or sick in a hospital which I was accustomed to visit. The chaplain may have been one of our own clergymen, I am inclined to think he was; and his letter shows what service may be rendered by a faithful incumbent of that office. He must have done much wayside sowing for others to reap.

“I enclose,” he writes, “five dollars for young McHerd, now in the hospital near you, from his mother. Please hand it to him, and say that his mother will send him more if he is obliged to stay there, and should he want anything, it will be furnished, if his friends at home can know of it. Now in regard to the furlough for him, will you be so kind as to go yourself, and if you think best take an influential citizen with you, and see the surgeon in charge of the hospital and state the case to him. McHerd

has been a good soldier, has been in several battles, and has now been sick a long time, and with little prospect of soon returning to his regiment. He has a widowed mother, a comfortable home, and would be far more likely to recover there. I think you will be successful. I feel anxious about McHerd. I fear he will run down unless sent home. Tell him the book for his mother was never delivered to me. The man he left it with says it was destroyed in a great storm which blew down our tents and soaked everything with water. I hope that you and I may have the pleasure of meeting some time. I thank you again for your kindness to the Vermont young men. The greatest sufferers in our land at this time are found in our crowded hospitals." We never did meet, but the good seed makes pleasant reaping.

What a wayside reaping was that for Dr. Patterson at the Convention, when Dr. Roblin told him in public of the words of welcome and encouragement he had given him when he came to live in Boston. It must have sounded in the ears of the veteran like the whisperings of the spirit through the ripened grain of life's harvest.

These are instances of wayside gleanings which find their counterpart in every life that tries to improve opportunities for helping others.

The fields are always white for such harvests. We may forget the wayside sowing, but in many ways soon or late will come back the satisfaction that we have not labored in vain. But I fear the personal character of this harvest-time recital will serve to justify my friend's earlier estimate of me as an egotist. Believe, dear reader, that like other vaunted and vain shows, it is for this day only.

X.

MINISTERS AND NOT MINISTERS.

THE unveiling of a bust of Emerson in the Second Unitarian Church in Boston, at the recent celebration of its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, suggests a number of distinguished men in literature who had very intimate associations with the ministry and made narrow escapes.

Emerson himself in early life was the pastor of the church that paid tribute to his memory. It was his only settlement, lasting three years. There were many ministers in his ancestry, on the paternal line, and it was not without representatives on the maternal side. He was ordained to the ministry by the *blood*, and was never able to cast off the preaching instinct. Henry Drummond, not technically a preacher, yet one by habit and influence, acknowledges great indebtedness to Emerson as his religious teacher. In the last generation, he had many imitators in the pulpit, both in manner and matter. The sage of Concord, professionally *out*

of the ministry, was nevertheless *in* the larger ministry which makes regnant ethical and spiritual truths. His ministerial ancestry in *fact*, though not in form, held him to the same general line of influence. He recognizes this inward consecration. "Though nature appears capricious, some qualities she carefully fixes and transmits, but some, and those the finer, she exhales with the breath of the individual, as too costly to perpetuate. But I notice also that they may become fixed and permanent in any stock, by painting and repainting them on every individual, until at last nature adopts them and bakes them in her porcelain."

Emerson came into the ministry by a divine call, through natural descent, and he did not really escape from it by retreating from the pulpit. Literature and the platform became the opportunity for religious teaching. He was the preacher of preachers, as Browning is the poet of poets.

His reasons for leaving the ministry do not seem adequate in the light of to-day, whatever different environment may have influenced him in 1834. He resigned his pastorate rather than pray or administer the communion in public. At the present time the philosophy of prayer, and the Lord's Supper, might be found broad

and elastic enough to satisfy the conscience even of Emerson and his parish. It is to be regretted that the church, even to-day, sacrifices great minds to ceremonialism as well as to dogma. Abel C. Thomas, one of our own early clergymen, who had belonged to the Society of Friends, and was traditionally opposed to forms, nevertheless held to his ministry, calling in others to administer the communion.

It was significant that at the unveiling of Emerson's bust, there was a liturgical service, a Maltese cross, displayed with the motto, "Truth, Worship and Service," the public use of the Lord's Prayer, and the reading of selections from Emerson on Worship and Spiritual Law. And the communion is regularly observed by the church. The question arises, Could Emerson have stayed in the ministry, with reasonable interpretations, and if so, could he have accomplished the great work of his life? Who can measure the ways of the spirit?

Edward Everett is another notable instance. He began his career as a clergyman, and was pastor of the Brattle Street Church in Boston. His father was a minister. Unlike Emerson, he had a remarkable gift of speech, and made at once a deep impression from the pulpit. He published a work entitled, "Defence of Chris-

tianity." It was of him that a reporter said he made the most eloquent prayer ever offered to a Boston audience. But notwithstanding this splendid promise of a career in the ministry, in which he might have filled the world with his fame, he left it upon the temptation of a professorship in Harvard College, of which in due time he became the president. In his career he was educator, author, statesman, patriot, and orator. While his public course did not lie so near the line of religion as Emerson's, he continued a preacher of highest manhood and public service. His literary labors were abundant, and his discourses are famous. I heard his oration on Washington, given one hundred and fifty times for the purchase of Mt. Vernon. I was enraptured by its power and its elegance of diction and manner. He seemed, as I gazed entranced, to be enveloped in an aureole, and I had a new conception of how Jesus, as he prayed and discoursed, might have been transfigured to the vision of the disciples on the Mount. What a power would that eloquence have been if continued in the ministry! Could not the pulpit, also, have been a mighty throne of inspiration and influence? Think of what luster Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fénelon, Massillon, and Saurin shed upon the ministry in France; Knox, Ers-

kine, Chalmers, and Irving in Scotland; Latimer, Baxter, Bunyan, Barrow, Wesley, and Whitefield in England, and the illustrious names that adorn the annals of America, and the ministry will be seen to be a sphere of influence that might well have commanded the superb gifts of Edward Everett.

But we still see, as in the case of Emerson, the irregular cropping out of the ministerial temper in his son, William Everett, educator, politician, wit, and at uncertain intervals preacher, by license of the Boston Unitarian Association. It is hard to kill the ministerial instinct. "The gift of genius is never to be reckoned upon beforehand, any more than a choice variety of pear or peach in a seedling; it is always a surprise, but it is born with great advantages when the stock from which it springs has been long under cultivation."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson is also a well-known example of passing through the ministry into the literary realm. He was graduated at the Harvard Divinity School, and preached at Newburyport and Worcester. He combines literary tastes, intellectual power and oratorical gifts. Had he continued in the ministry, he would have honored it by large fruitage. But he retired from the pulpit in

1856, and has ever since been known in social, political and religious reform. His adherence to abolitionism was a prominent reason for his forsaking the ministry. He has been a radical in religion, and had he remained in the clerical profession would probably have shared the fate of Theodore Parker in being denounced a heretic. He is or has been president of the Free Religious Association. His life work, however, has lain within the larger sphere of religion, promoting philanthropy, freedom, the progress of woman, and educational reform. His literary and historical work has taken high rank. His pen and voice have been in constant service for the advancement of mankind. He has really never ceased to be a preacher, in the larger use of that word, which is becoming common in this age, and which more and more obliterates the lines between laymen and clergymen. Many years ago he published a book entitled "The Sympathy of Religions," a recognition of elemental truths underlying all the faiths of mankind. It was an anticipation of the World's Parliament of Religions. Col. Higginson did not escape the freer scope of religion by severing his formal connection with the ministry. Several of our best hymns are from his pen. The one beginning —

“To Thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, Thine erring children, in !”

belongs to him. His is another instance of a nature overflowing formal limitations and escaping into other, but not different, channels. Fortunate would it have been, had he retained a ministry which might also have been fruitful in these other fields.

Fortunately, we are able to place alongside of Higginson the career of Edward Everett Hale, who has just closed a long and honored pastorate in Boston, and who has been no less faithful as a minister by being also philanthropist, journalist, novelist, historian, reformer, public citizen. While distinguished for services in many fields, he has made them all tributary to the central purpose of his life, to preach the Gospel of glad tidings to the world. He has known how to proportion and centralize his labors. A like example, but with less variety of labors, is the ministry of Dr. Storrs, who has just resigned a pastorate of fifty-three years in Brooklyn; and of Horace Bushnell, whose memory is renewed to this generation of ministers in a new biography by Dr. Munger. These men display statesmanship, philosophy, political sagacity, social economy, as well as theology, and prove that it is not necessary for

all great men to leave the ministry in order to have illustrious careers. Dr. Storrs said in his letter of resignation, "If to-day were offered to me the choice of a pathway in life the most alluring and rewarding, I should choose none other than that which has been given me — the pathway of a Christian pastor, joyfully to bring to men the grace and glory of the Lord's Gospel." Emerson, also, while he felt himself crowded out of the pulpit, never lost his reverence for Christian teaching. Dr. Holmes says, "Emerson recognizes two inestimable advantages as the gift of Christianity: first, the Sabbath — hardly a Christian institution — and secondly, the institution of preaching. He spoke — not with hard or bitter words, not with sarcasm or levity, rather as one who felt himself charged with a message from the same divinity who had inspired the prophets and evangelists of old with whatever truth was in their messages."

John Adams may also be referred to as an illustration, for he abandoned the idea of being a minister, turned back, he said, by the frightful engines of ecclesiastical councils, of diabolical malice and Calvinistic temper, of the operation of which he had been a witness in some church controversies in Braintree, and which had ter-

rified him out of it. He was not so "terrified," however, as not to marry Abigail Smith, the daughter of a neighboring minister. Love was stronger than Calvinistic logic, as it has been many times since, both in the sentiments and in theology. Had John Adams turned to the ministry instead of the law, what would have been the effect on the destiny of the American Colonies?

We find, so far as I know, no other clerical fibers in the famous Adams family, nor among the equally famous Quincy family, representatives of both which survive in the present generation.

But this ministerial deficiency is more than made up by the clerical stock of the Beechers, the progeny of Lyman Beecher, himself a stalwart in theology. Even the daughters were practically preachers. Henry Ward Beecher was a prodigious force in the thought and life of America. Who can imagine that his power would have been increased had he imitated Emerson, Everett, Higginson and others, and abandoned the ministry for other fields of labor? Harriet Beecher Stowe was ordained by God an apostle of truth and freedom. Lincoln said to her, "And is this the little woman who made the great war that liberated the slave?"

But space will not permit me to write of Coleridge, the son of a clergyman, who began as a minister, and passed to literature and philosophy; of Renan, a student for the priesthood in Paris, who in great agony of soul sank into religious despair, but a preacher notwithstanding, writing to his sister, "God forbid that I should say that Christianity is false. This word would denote great limitation of mind; falsehood does not produce such beautiful fruits." Of Ruskin also, in effect a herald of religious truth. He chanced one morning into a church in Turin, where, as he said, a little squeaking idiot was preaching to an audience of seventeen old women and three louts, that they were the only children of God in Turin; and that all the people outside the chapel and all the world outside of Monte Viso would be damned; and he says he came out of that chapel a conclusively unconverted man. No wonder that Washington Irving refused to hear such decrees in the pulpit, saying, "I'll be damned if I don't go to church, and I'll be d—— if I do go."

We may be thankful now that the ministry is large enough for large souls, and that the workers for God, humanity, freedom, philanthropy, reform and truth are of the true ordination of the spirit. God fulfills himself in many ways.

XI.

"AN' THE VILLAIN, HE GOT SHOT."

FROM directly behind me in the street came these words. They sounded somewhat tragical to a timid listener. Turning suddenly to find their source, I discovered following me two urchins about eight years old, and evidently belonging to the hoodlum variety. The words I had caught were a fragment of an earnest conversation between the gamins, one of whom, from the general trend, was pouring into the ear of the other an account of what he had seen in a play-house, during which the tragedy, indicated in the title of the article, had occurred.

The relator seemed to be deeply impressed with the fitting ethical outcome of the theatrical situation. It was undoubtedly, to his mind, a justifiable consummation of the plot he had witnessed, that the villain of the performance had met a deserved and dreadful fate. His whole manner indicated concurrence with the just result. That the villain got shot satisfied his sense of the moral proprieties. It agreed

with his inborn ethical consciousness. "God hath made all hearts alike."

The incident started in my mind a train of reflections. Was not the boy's expression a revelation of an underlying stratum of moral judgment innate in human beings? Might it not be taken as an indication of the consensus of mankind touching the fatalities of wrongdoing? Is it not true of the great play on the stage of life that the villain in some way, soon or late, meets his just deserts? The laws of God are constructed in that way, so that metaphorically speaking, if not, as indeed is often the case, literally speaking, the villain in the game of iniquity gets what he gives. "The divine power," says an historian, "pursued the slayers of Cæsar over sea and land, and rested not until there was not a man left, either of those who dipped their hands in his blood, or of those who gave their sanction to the deed." To do a wrong act is to arm against the doer the passions which his action invokes. A boom is liable to become a boomerang. For this reason, and for other reasons, our declaration of principles lays down as its fourth particular, the "certainty of just retribution for sin." There's nothing walks with aimless feet.

It would appear from the remark of this

incipient theatrical critic of the sidewalk, that there is an instinctive recognition of fair dealing and penal forces by the unsophisticated mind; and that deep down in even the uncultured children of the slums, are ethical qualities which spontaneously detect the workings of God-appointed forces for the overthrow of evil. That the villain should get what he deserved seemed to be a necessary requirement of the moral order under which the urchin lived. He did not, to be sure, formulate it in this way, it was not a matter that he had reasoned out, it was not the theological or philosophical evolution of a principle, but a natural and spontaneous approval of the fact that a transgressor had met a logical end. The child's face was dirty, his hands begrimed, his clothes tattered, his hat seedy, but these outward accidents could not obliterate the innate discrimination between the noble and the ignoble in character and conduct, or extinguish his approval of a just, and as it would almost seem, inevitable result of an evil course.

And this fact is a vindication of the doctrine of the essential rectitude of human nature. It is not till the speculations of later years, till the schemes of atonement and salvation, the supposed suspension in the present of the oper-

ation of God's laws, are forced upon the mind, that this early recognition of just and honorable principles is overlaid and smothered. Put this street gamin in a Sunday school, where he will be taught, if the teacher is faithful, that in some mysterious way he is involved in the sin of our first parents, that his native instincts are totally depraved, that a substitute has been provided that he may escape the consequences of wrong-doing; that there is no certainty of retribution in this world or indeed in any other, — it all hanging on conditions that may disjoint at any time the operations of ethical forces, — and this natural, unstudied condemnation of the villain who gets shot will lose its way in the mazes of "substituted righteousness" and a possible escape of punishment in the far-distant assizes of eternity.

If any one doubts this, let him rectify his moral perspective by perusing Emerson's essay on "Compensation." It was written to confute this notion, of an arbitrary, mechanical operation of punitive forces; to establish the idea, now largely recognized, that to commit sin, as the word denotes, is to miss the mark; that moral consequences are wrapped up in moral situations and relations; and that wrong-doing, whether visible to us or not, works destruction

to the wrong-doer. The urchin, whose words I caught, had perceived this, and with natural eloquence was pouring it into the open mind of his comrade. And his sense of honor and right, his judgment of the course of human events, was evidently appeased by the fact that the villain of the footlights was thwarted in his evil design. "The heart," says Neander, "is the best theologian."

This same verdict of the street, I observe when I attend the theater, finds confirmation in the intelligent, fashionable audiences witnessing the performances. There is much said, and justly said, no doubt, about the superficiality, and want of correct tone, in present theatrical exhibitions. But certainly in my observation of the histrionic art, I have never known the attendants to become enthusiastic over low types of character, or the success of rascalities, or the ways of the hypocrite, the seducer, the embezzler, the murderer. They have always, so far as my observation goes, reserved their applause for the justification of the weak, the tempted, the injured, and showed unmistakably their disapprobation of wrong, impurity, and intrigue. The unspoiled instinct of the mind is unerring. The storm of applause shakes the temple of Thespis when an outrage is punished,

and when virtue is vindicated. In short, the orchestra seats are on the same high, moral level of my little preacher of the pavement, and are glad when "the villain, he gets shot." I have been inspired with new faith in the rectitude of the moral judgment of mankind, when, after the strain of silence and delay, and when the spectator has passed through the intricacies of the plot, he has sanctioned the culmination of justice and the vindication of the innocent. The sentiment was so plainly on the right side, that faith in humanity has received a pleasing reinforcement.

These reflections by no means imply that every villain is literally shot. Although there are many startling instances in history which show how retributive results return in kind. Identical sins come home to roost. When the captors of Adonibezek cut off his thumbs and great toes, he lamented that he had served threescore and ten kings, who gathered their meat under his table, in a like manner. "As some eagle," says Trench, "is pierced with a shaft feathered with his own wing, so many a sufferer cannot deny that it was his own sin that fledged the arrow of God's judgment which brought him down." The assassin who shoots is liable to get shot. Society feuds abundantly sustain this.

But whether, in reality, the scene at the hoodlum's theater be frequently enacted or not, the broad principle remains that the operations of physical, mental, domestic and social laws will weaken the character of the transgressor and trap him in his evil deeds.

This is part of the certain retribution of the Universalist faith. It is found recorded in the great literatures of the world, as in Shakespeare's "Macbeth" and Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." It requires neither the crack of the pistol nor the crack of doom. The villain gets shot, and the law of God by some infallible finger pulls the trigger.

XII.

THE NEW RELIGION.

As the intellectual view of religion becomes different, it is seen to exert an influence upon its outward administration. John Adams said that God created man in his own image, and man returned the compliment, and created God in *his* image. There can be no doubt at least, that religious thought colors the view we take of duty, service and the world. We already see the influence of the new views. We no more have a new charity, a new education, a new science, than we have a new religion. The twentieth century will see farther progress in the direction of this initial movement. It will be marked by several particulars.

1. It will take more account of the present world. Other-worldliness, as Coleridge called it, will not be so predominant. It will have a confident and comfortable assurance of immortality, but the stress and strain will not be upon a future existence, but upon the importance of getting more of heaven into the affairs of the

earth. Thy kingdom *come*, will be its aspiration. To replace evil with good, to improve human conditions, to unite mankind in love and service, will be the prevailing motives, rather than the old incentive, which made it the chief object to escape from hell and fly to heaven.

The planet on which we live will be held as the gift of the Father for the development of character, for enjoyment and for helping each other.

“This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above ;
And did we do our duty,
It would be full of love.”

This view of the value of the present life is reflected from many directions. Mr. Stoddard, the popular lecturer, in his pictorial work, “The Art Series,” relates the following incident illustrative of this change in the value of the world from an unlooked-for source: Some years ago, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, a gentleman encountered a French priest, his locks completely white with age, traveling apparently for pleasure. Astonished at the sight, he ventured to inquire what had induced him at his time of life to go so far from home. “’Tis very easily explained,” replied the priest. “Six months ago I was apparently about to die. One night I

dreamed that I was already in God's presence, and that He spoke to me these words: 'My child, how did you like the beautiful world I gave you to dwell in?' I answered nothing; in fact, I was too mortified to answer. For, think of it! I, who had preached for fifty years continually of a better world, had never examined this at all. Awakening from my dream, I made a vow to God that if He gave me back my health I would devote some months at least to seeing and admiring His works. So here I am, making a tour of the world." It was the voice of the new religion revealing the value of the present life. The emphasis is changing. The present generation of young people is feeling it, and setting a higher mark on terrestrial good.

2. The New Religion will take account of more relationships. It will stretch religion over wider interests. Man's relation to God it has always rightly, though by wrong conceptions, recognized. It is now taking in, in ever broadening ways, man's relation to man. It makes more account of philanthropy, of penology, of citizenship, of sociology, of international relations, duties and opportunities. It blots out the old distinction of sacred and profane. Everything that concerns the welfare of mankind, in any sphere, falls under the authority of

religion. The Ten Commandments are not an "iridescent dream." The Sermon on the Mount is intended, in its broad principles, to apply to present human conditions. All days in the week come under the dominion of moral principles. Historic places attest the providence of God. No longer can it be said "religion is religion, and business is business." When the Prince, who was also a bishop, lost his temper and swore, he explained to his valet, who overheard him, that he did not swear as a bishop, but as a prince, whereupon his valet remarked — "When the Almighty damns the prince, what then will become of the bishop?" The Christian man must be the good citizen, politician, neighbor, trader, mechanic, husband and father, as well as the good churchman. These broad and varied relations of life will be recognized in this dawning administration of Christian principles. It was interesting to see these applications of religion in the congress at Lynn.

And it will go even beyond the human relations. The new religion will take notice of man's relation to the lower orders of life. The rights of animals, as well as the rights of men and women and the rights of nations, will find wider consideration. The saying that no man's religion is good for anything, whose dog and

cat are not the better for it, will have a higher appeal. When the young scion of the family came back from school, his father asked the servant if she had seen him: she replied, no, but she knew he was at home, because the cat was hiding under the stove. Christianity will come to administer love in wider relations, until it includes in its benefactions every living thing. It will grow to be more merciful even in needful exterminations. This is already to be seen in the bands of mercy, in protective laws for animals, and in publications giving instructions in this wide practical field of religion. Who can doubt that all these relationships of mankind have been extended by the coming in of the better principles of the new Christian faith? The present generation of young people will have a fine opportunity to enlarge the boundaries of harmony and helpfulness in the world.

3. The New Religion will be comprehensive of more faculties in human nature. If hitherto it has exhausted itself in considering religious elements, and so narrowed and cramped the individual, it will come to claim as its own the whole range of his God-given nature, soul, body, and spirit, social, intellectual, and domestic. Whatever power he has was given by the

Creator, and he is under obligation by virtue of its possibilities and opportunities to render what it can to the common good. It includes the faculties exercised in pleasure as well as those exercised in piety. It embraces health and holiness, and sees in them alike the same root of life. It will develop humanity as a whole, and recognize the temple erected out of all its columns, and crowned by its dome of faith and hope, as the temple of the living God. It will no longer be lop-sided or top-heavy. The religious man will be a man all over and through and through, and no longer, as Mrs. Browning says, an air-fed, impassioned ghost.

4. The New Religion will have more variety in its sources of enjoyment. What have been known as the strict religious exercises and activities are found to be too contracted. There are more keys to be struck in the organ of life. Many avenues of innocent enjoyment and enterprise have been closed by the prejudices of mankind. The ban of religion is being removed from many bigoted prohibitions. They have led to morbid religious searchings and to a spiritual sensitiveness that have taken away the freedom and spontaneousness of service. A certain eminent neurologist, who had had large experience with over-moralized and super-

sensitive patients, said, "I can get along better with anything else than that d—— New England conscience." Christian service must mean a broad religious principle in the mind, acting freely, and not tormenting itself by fear of being too happy in the legitimate exercise of all the powers of soul and body. Nature, society, amusement, art, music, the drama, wealth, may, if properly regulated and balanced, serve as the handmaids of religion, yea, are religion so far as they are guided by its principles and purposes. They harmonize, if wisely held, with the duties, exercises and privileges that are too commonly regarded as embracing the whole duty of man. It is for the youth of our day to set an example of making all sources of healthful happiness a part of religion, to recognize their legitimacy, and hold them in a proper solution so as to enrich the elixir of life.

5. The New Religion is practicing a greater elasticity in the realm of the emotions. It spontaneously exhibits novel methods in praise and prayer, and in expressing its earnestness and loyalty. And this is right and commendable. Why are not banners and mottoes for the eye as good as the old-fashioned "Amen," "Hallelujah," and "Glory to God" for the ear? This is an age of "object lessons." They grow out

of a new faith that is natural and reasonable. It is the fervor of exuberant feelings. It is the blossom time of the soul, and leads onward to the season of fruit. It finds rallying centers and bonds of union. It recognizes religion as free, expressive and expansive. It is working and worshiping in its Father's house, and why should not the new faith make its adherents not slaves but the children of light? If children, then heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ.

A celebrated musical composer was asked why his productions were full of exaltation. He replied, "When I think upon God, the notes leap and dance in my mind and roll from my fingers in melodies of light and life." So the New Religion should drive away the old-time gloom, and clothe all thought and service in the new-time glory.

It would seem irreverent to a former conception of religion to see, what I observed at the Lynn Convention, two young persons, in the act of singing, stopping to exchange cheerful remarks that rippled away in laughter, and then in the same gay spirit pursuing the song of praise; or to witness a member, while passing jauntily down the aisle, catching up the sentiment of a hymn, and joining with the great

throng, for an instant, in a snatch of "praise and thanksgiving." But why should it seem inappropriate? Hearts were full of gratitude, of the joy of life, and social good cheer, and, mingling in the same soul, found expression, first towards God and then towards each other.

It was not thought to be irrereligious in revival times for songs and hymns to mingle with groans and lamentations, for the body under hysterical excitement to become rigid, and the eyes to become set as in a trance. Why, in this more enlightened and cheerful age, should it be deemed irreverent to blend the spirit of joy, of friendship, and social delight, with the exercises of religion? The new faith knows how to express itself in accordance with its own genius, and repudiates the bondage of ancient servitude and gloom. Does God exact of the birds that sing in the summer trees, that their demeanor shall be set and stiff and sober, when they send out their trills upon the morning air? Witness the hopping about in the branches, the gay turning of the head, the light flutter of the wing, the joy and gladness of every glance and motion. When St. Francis was preaching in the woods, the birds, apparently hearing his words, began their singing; but instead of rebuking, he addressed them, as if they were

intelligent beings, and took delight in their innocent interruptions. Shall not the children of God by the Spirit, the youthful souls whom he has created, sing his praises with delightful emotions, and enjoy each other, while uplifted with the thoughts of his love? And, if all unconscious like the birds, the more to his honor and glory. And so the New Religion will take into its strong, fresh life, all that is good and generous and true.

XIII.

"THE BEST MAN."

A SON of the Emerald Isle, attending a wedding, conducted on a free and easy plan, observing an attendant who was bearing himself in an officious manner, accosted him abruptly with the demand, "Who are *you*, anyway?" and received for reply, "Sure, and I'm the best man." His interrogator not being well informed as to the technicalities of such occasions, bristled up in defiance, remarking with a vehemence more pronounced than polite, "You claim to be the best man, let's see you prove it!" and squaring off, he proceeded to give a physical demonstration as to the truth of the arrogant pretension. The contest, however, substantiated the assertion of the claimant, obliging the assailant to confess, that instead of the best man, he was, in fact, to be registered as second-class male matter.

The wisdom of this "social function" is in its application. If the reader will be at the pains to consult the calendar of occasions at the

head of the church news in a journal, he will discover a long list of denominational organizations, which are soon to hold their annual meetings. The demand is often made that the "best man" be chosen delegate, to represent the local body in such meetings. If he should be appointed, it is quite sure that he would not be treated by the conventions as the best man was at the aforesaid wedding. On the contrary, he would be most heartily greeted and welcomed.

We would not for a moment imply that the best man is not already often found a member of our ecclesiastical organizations, but the constant cry is for more of them. We want our conventions to be composed in a larger measure, — not, of course, wholly, — of experienced, practical, level-headed laymen, who are accustomed not only to look after their own temporal concerns, and the religious and secular interests of their local churches, but who are interested in the administrations of our larger organizations. We too often experience a lack of business ability in the management of the financial interests of our representative bodies.

We know how essential it is that the women of our churches should bear, as happily they now do, a large part in denominational affairs.

They are active workers in the parishes, in these days are accustomed to take part in deliberative bodies, and are official members of organizations devoted to churches, reforms, and religion. They are endowed with good judgment and practical administrative talents. But so large a part of the burden of denominational legislation should not be thrown upon their shoulders. The substantial, experienced men of the churches should do their share. "Male and female created He them." The too common idea with some persons that the work of the church belongs altogether to women, should be corrected. A gentleman inquired if a certain man had religion, and received for reply, "I don't think he has any, but if he has, it is in his wife's name." Let there be a recognized co-partnership of men and women in the work of the church. Religion ought to adopt for its motto the words of the advertisements, — "Take no substitutes." The "silent partner" business has its limitations.

It is very true, also, that some women are more serviceable in our conventions than some men. We hear a good deal in labor circles about the "walking delegate." In religious circles he can be matched by the talking delegate, who is invariably of the male persuasion.

He has few ideas, but many words; his watery effusiveness imparts a dropsical character to every subject, and his irrelevant arguments are a weariness to both flesh and spirit. He is "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," calling to mind the disciple of the Thespian art who complained to a critic that he was never mentioned in his theatrical notices. "And are you an actor?" was the astonished question of the critic. "I am that," he returned, "and one of the best in my line." "And what line is that, if you please?" "Well," said the aspirant for dramatic honors, "you know what a rattlety-bang there is when a fellow is supposed to fall down stairs?" "Yes." "Well, I'm the man what works that machine."

There is not a so-called deliberative body in the world without the member who furnishes the noise of the rattlety-bang machine. Because a delegate is endowed with bifurcated garments, he is not of necessity the most useful member. The best man may not take frequent part in discussion, but be valuable on important committees and in direct personal influence and example, and his vote is sure to be cast on the right side of fundamental questions. He may be a man of business, or a mechanic, or belong

to the professions, but he will exert the power that goes with wisdom and character. If, in addition to these requisites, he has also the gift of speech, we may be sure it will be judiciously used.

Our denominational bodies would be helped by the presence of more such men. The plea, so often heard from them, that they cannot be spared from business, is, in many cases, not valid. There are busy men, here and there, who do find time and opportunity to become active and interested members of our conventions. They arrange their affairs so as to be away at that time. And perhaps the men who cannot be absent might find out that business would go along just as well, and perhaps a little better, without them. Additional care thrown upon some one else for a few days might prove to be good training for a partner or subordinate.

I knew a gentleman whose hands were full of affairs, who was at last driven by broken health to take a year's absence in Europe, and when he returned with renewed strength he remarked. "Well, I've learned one thing since I've been gone; I'm not of as much consequence as I thought I was; they've done more business and made more money without me than they

ever did with me." This sort of excuse, in some instances, is a form of morbid egotism or commercial monotony. It would be a benefit to many men to break away from it and get to acting, if only for a few days, on new lines, and in a different social and sympathetic atmosphere.

And the reasons given not infrequently involve gross inconsistencies. Our best man, who finds it absolutely impossible to leave the counting-room, to devote forty-eight hours to his denomination, makes out to appropriate a portion of his days, we may well believe, to political conventions, to fraternal assemblages, to trade exchanges, to commercial and mechanical organizations, which consume no little time, and take him from one end of the country to the other. If his services are required for the manipulation of a political party, to boom a candidate, to become a member of the Legislature or Congress, he is found in many cases to be ready with the motto of a well-known character in fiction, "Barkis is willin'"; or at least, "while he does not seek the position, if it should be thrust upon him, he would leave himself in the hands of his friends," or words to that effect. Or if he wants to be absent from the business that can never spare him to

attend a convention, to take a trip for recreation, or have a summer outing, or attend exciting sports, the difficulties, in many instances, are found not to be altogether insurmountable. I fear the difference is in the personal interest taken in the respective objects. A Southern slave of the old times, replied to one who said, "I hope your master has gone to heaven," with the remark, "I 'se afraid he has not gone dar, for I never heard him speak of dat. When he goes to de Norf' or to Virginny Springs he allus be gittin' ready fur weeks. I never see him gittin' ready fur goin' to heben." The reason our so-called best man is not at conventions is, that he is getting ready to go everywhere else, and forgets to pay any attention whatever to the claims of his church. His excuses are pretexts, and he could go if he really wanted to.

Washington wrote to Benjamin Harrison, Speaker of the House of Delegates in Virginia, "As there can be no harm in a pious wish for the good of one's country, I shall offer it as mine that each State will not only choose but compel its ablest men to attend Congress." We are as helpless as to conventions as Washington was as to Congress. But we can be thankful for the ability and fidelity we now have — and it is no little. We can observe

other churches, and if they have more of their able men — statesmen, financiers, scholars — in their religious bodies than we, let us imitate their example, and, at all events, begin the work of training our people, as a whole, into appreciation of their obligations to the general church. And this work of denominational education includes both the young and old, men and women. When an editor's eye fell upon the item, “The census of the United States embraces 20,000,000 women,” he exclaimed rapturously, “Who wouldn't be a census!” Our conventions take pride in embracing their consecrated Christian women, but let them be matched by the ability and loyalty of our best men. And that will be a match made in heaven.

XIV.

GENUINE UNIVERSALIST PROFANITY AT LAST.

IT is a very strange circumstance that the famous municipal contest in Greater New York has incidentally thrown to the surface the only instance of profane language that ever harmonized with the principles of the Universalist faith.

Moreover, the strangest thing of all is that it did not originate in the party contending, by profession, for a pure and non-partisanship city government, but in the movement identified with Tammany Hall. That we should ever live to see a coalition between the machine politics of New York and the principles and plans of the Universalist Church passes comprehension. But this thing has veritably come to pass. We only regret that we cannot bestow upon Tammany Hall the credit of any good intentions in suggesting this profane and pietistic combination.

The matter to which I refer is the now widely known expression of a famous Tammany

leader in the present *hot* contest in the metropolis, in which he gave vent to his political — if not religious — aspirations in the concise and emphatic sentence, “To hell with reform.” The words, I believe, have been adopted as a shibboleth of the party, and are displayed on transparencies and carried in processions. It will be seen at a glance that this famous Tammany motto is in perfect harmony with the teachings of our own Church. It is the great hope of the liberal faith that “reform” will at last be carried into the infernal regions everywhere — in this world or any other. We should not object if this work of reform should be carried into Tammany Hell (Hall, excuse us), and all other infernos where evil reigns supreme. To carry reform into every place of perdition in the world or out of it is a commendable purpose, and any genuine co-operation from New York would be thankfully received. We trust the New York correspondent of “The Leader” will look after our interest in that regard, and do what he can to promote so promising a movement as carrying reform into the Metropolitan Hades. The co-operation in this case may furnish a new illustration of the old saying, “Politics makes strange bed-fellows!” But this is just what religion ought to join politics

in doing, if we are to get nearer to our genuine work expressed in this noble utterance. Where else, pray, should we go with reform than to the submerged millions who, like David of old, need deliverance from the lowest hell? Reform was *once* carried there, why not again?

In this grand and worthy undertaking suggested by Tammany Hall, not only Universalists may consistently unite, but our liberal-minded friends in the other churches who believe the theory of a "second probation" will no doubt lend a helping hand. Their minds have long been dwelling on the "spirits in prison;" let them now join Croker and Tweed, who were the "advance agents" of this enterprise, and a "long ways ahead of the procession," and take up the rallying cry too long neglected by the Church, but now adopted even by "the world, the flesh and the devil," and move forward to the Tammany war whoop, "To —— with reform." Who is brave enough to suggest this as a motto for the banners of the Young People's meetings and the walls of our Sunday-school rooms? And yet, put into a phrase somewhat more polished, does it not embody the very thing for which we are organized? An Irishman said to his companion upon first hearing the hullabaloo

and hallelujahs of the Salvation Army, "Well, that beats the devil!" Said his companion, "Faith, that's the intintion!" Tammany's motto expresses the precise "intintion" of our religion, and is the only case on record of profanity embodying a Christian purpose. The Rev. Dr. McClure, a Presbyterian divine, many years ago was in the habit of twitting Universalists with their inconsistency whenever they used profane language, inasmuch as it was practically a profession on their part of the Orthodox belief. "The Universalists," he said, "are so far reduced that they have to steal Orthodox oaths to swear by." He furthermore affirmed that the only consistent Universalist profanity would run, "God bless your soul to heaven!" At last this famous New York politico-theological reformer of the world and the under-world has unwittingly come to our rescue, and has taken away our reproach. If we were less pious than we are, we should exclaim, "Thank thee, Jew, for that word." But as it is, we can only spring to the telephone that connects us with Tammany Hall, and shout vociferously, "Hell-o and All Hail!!"

XV.

"TIPPING ROCKS."

NOT that I am tipping rocks in the old Granite State just now for amusement. The vacation has not introduced me into the fraternity of the ancient and honorable Sons of Anak with Titanic proportions, that rival the pretensions of the latest college athlete or victorious pugilist. Such a transformation on my part were inconceivable.

I therefore hasten to allay the anxieties of the ministerial coterie of Boston and vicinity and elsewhere, who may fancy that I have a grudge against them and am prepared to pay off old scores, by announcing the fact that Tipping Rocks has not been adopted by me as an avocation. It would far better accord with my "spiritual" as well as physical etherialization, to be "tipping tables," or with my well-known generosity, to be "tipping waiters." "Be charitable," said the late Artemus Ward, in the reign of small silver currency, "three-cent pieces were made a-purpose." Let all

Sunday contributors take notice. Be composed, then, while I assure you that Tipping Rocks is only a curious and interesting fact of Nature on Shirley Hill, New Hampshire, crowning that delightful eminence with a geological exhibition that attracts in the summer months very wide attention.

A walk of ten minutes from my summer hostelry, through a delightful grove of pines and chestnuts, brings me into the open space, occupied by three huge boulders standing in proximity to each other, and no doubt constituting in the past one solid mass. The disintegrating agencies of heat and cold, or perhaps some shock of the natural forces, have split asunder the original rock and left it a "trinity in unity," like the opening chestnut burrs not far away when touched by the autumnal frosts. They are composed of the common granite of the State, with a liberal admixture of quartz and mica, and displaying on the surface here and there garnets, which the prying eyes and knives of visitors not infrequently extract. Some of them would take away not only the rubies but the rocks, for how they would adorn a city home in the setting of a capacious lawn!

What a view spreads out before the visitor as he gains the position of the Tipping Rocks.

At the witching hour of evening the sunsets are gorgeous. By moonlight the scene is enchanting. In the morning hour the eye rests on a broad and varied expanse. Yonder is Joe English, deriving its name from a famous warrior and hunter, who, two hundred years ago, finding three Indians upon his track, set off at full speed for the top of the mountain, now bearing his name. Concealing himself behind a jutting rock near the summit, he dispatched one after another of his pursuers, and left them for food for the hungry wolves. The gun with which he did the deed is still kept as a relic of that bloody time. Near by are the Unconoonac Mountains, and in the distance Monadnock and Wachusett, and far to the north on a clear day may be seen the outlines of Mt. Washington. The eye sweeps the whole horizon. No more imposing outlook is found in New England.

Only two of the sightly rocks presenting this view ever get "tipsy," the third setting a good example of steadfastness to the city visitors. The larger of the granite twins, which, like the human variety, are susceptible of motion, is eight feet high, and forty-two in circumference; and all three are estimated, by the State Geologist, Prof. C. H. Hitchcock, to weigh ninety

tons. The united rock was a deposit of the glacial period of two hundred and forty thousand years ago, when an immense thickness of ice covered the whole of New Hampshire, to the summits of the highest mountains. If any one is not satisfied with the particular date of the glacial period, let him consult the files of "The Frozen Truth," published by Frost, Boreas & Co., and deposited in the Rocky Archives of Fossildom. There is nothing like having everything exact. Our Advent friends fix the precise date, from prophetic figures, when, at the end of all terrestrial things, there will not only be tipping rocks, but skipping mountains; and why not be a little precise in science, as well as in Scripture? And so this great ice-sheet of two hundred and forty thousand years ago (let us not be scared out of our figures). moving towards the equator, kindly left behind it the Tipping Rocks of Shirley Hill for the delectation of the summer boarder, — a still more curious product of the omnivorous period. At all events the Tipping Rocks, as I can testify, are there, of great size and weight, and so exactly poised that a woman's palm only, is requisite to produce the moving force, — so near has literally come to pass the poet's words, "The hand that rocks the

cradle, is the hand that rocks the world." They have even been known to sway by the wind, with the aid probably of a little imagination.

But Tipping Rocks are more frequently found in this commonwealth than might at first be supposed. Nature repeats her story at least as often as an after-dinner speaker. Consulting the geological reports, under the head of "Rocking Stones," I find a Tipping Rock upon Mt. Pawtuckaway; another at Meredith Village; another in Warren; another, nine feet high, egg shaped, weighing twenty-five tons, and standing upon its larger end, in Newport; another near Dartmouth College, twelve feet long, ten feet high, containing four hundred and eighty cubic feet. It has been transported only a short distance from its present position. Another, the famous Bartlett boulder, fifteen feet long, twelve wide, ten high, resting upon four smaller blocks, and visited annually by many summer sojourners. Mine own eye hath seen it.

It has been said that Nature's dice are always loaded, and that nothing walks with aimless feet, but it seems strange that so many throws of the spotted cubes should result in these rocky freaks in so limited a territory. There must have been a great many tipping rocks

away back in the geological epochs, by the throes of nature, and when God lifted the continents with convulsions, to have hit, here and there, the tipping rocks that interest us in the present, when, as Dryden sings, "A rising earthquake rocked the ground." The rocking rocks, far back in time, could not have been used as a symbol of stability, and would have spoiled much rhetoric. The faith that sang, "The Lord is my Rock," must have found a comparison then in the unchanging laws of God, that rest beneath and operate through all natural forms and forces. No prehistoric Bryant could have dilated upon a firmness "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," or Walter Scott have put into the mouth of his undaunted hero,

"Come one, come all ; this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

And even when the Master changed the name of Simon, son of Jonas, to Peter, the subsequent denial of that apostle of stone converted him for awhile into a tipping rock that seemed to ordinary vision to threaten the eternal foundations. Fortunately when before, Jesus said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," he referred not to Peter as a person, but to his great confession of Christ's

Messiahship, which in the true interpretation, being a universal spiritual fact, is far more enduring than any rock. All earthly symbols of stability which adorn our literature, sacred and profane, are, relatively to the absolute principles of religion, but the tipping rocks.

Plymouth Rock will be transient compared with the principles for which it stands. Some of us remember when Chapin, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, rocked the "cradle of liberty" in an eloquent speech, in which that temple of American freedom was made the organ, and Plymouth Rock the pedal. The institutions of liberty since that day have been as the tipping rocks, but fortunately the great leaders, putting their feet upon the seeming void, found the rock of immortal truth beneath. Benedict Arnold was a tipping rock to Washington, but no treason could permanently defeat the rock-principles for which the incorruptible patriot contended. The rocking stones are on the surface; but the enduring foundations, made solid by many convulsions and revolutions, are laid far below, and in the moral realm, at least, are as enduring as the laws of mathematics and the harmonies of music. Nevertheless, the foundations of God standeth sure. Here endeth a morning's meditation at Tipping Rocks.

XVI.

"IMMORTALITY BY PROXY."

"THE Watchman" does not covet for the Baptist denomination an "immortality by proxy," meaning that the influence of that Church should not pass over to other denominational bodies while the Baptist Church itself becomes weakened by "a gush about unsectarianism." It sees other denominations closing up their ranks; the Episcopalians never so assertive and loyal to their church as now; the Presbyterians carrying denominational fidelity almost to an extreme point; the Methodists holding together in their work with singular tenacity; and the Roman Catholics making larger claims in recent years; while the Baptists are sustaining serious losses through lack of thorough-going loyalty to their distinctive principles. It is this situation which gives rise to a stirring article on Baptist denominational loyalty.

The liberal churches, it is known, not infrequently excuse their lack of numerical growth by claiming to have exerted a "leavening in-

fluence" on all the denominations. The organized movement may fade away, but having modified the thought and life of other Christian bodies, their work has been well done, and they can retire with honor. The rôle they play is that of the discursive preacher, who, after spreading himself in a sermon through the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, inquired, "And now, where shall Hosea come in?" and was answered by an old parishioner, who rose to leave, "He can have my place, parson, I'm going out."

I do not see why the Universalist Church, any more than the Baptist, should be contented to spread its influence around in a miscellaneous and indefinite way, and imitate the weary parishioner in "going out," leaving the field won by its own principles to others, and enjoy quietly an immortality by proxy. The older denominations are indeed largely working now on Universalist principles. In the pulpit, in philanthropic work, in explaining the problems of life, in the administration of comfort, in contemplating the future world—the teachings of all the Churches have been influenced for the better by our doctrines. We rejoice in this, but it does not release us from an obligation to use our own principles in the production of benefi-

cent results. With the older Churches it is new wine in old wineskins, which are liable to burst with the fermentation of the larger truths, or new cloth which has so overlaid the old theological garment that it lacks congruity, while as proclaimed by Universalists the system is without seam, woven throughout and everywhere harmonious, part with part. Why should we not, therefore, use our own Christian instrumentalities for doing our own work, and help along in the general progress of mankind? It is exceedingly modest on the part of certain advanced Orthodox divines, having first appropriated the larger truths, to quietly wave us from the field, with the affirmation that the mission of the Universalist Church is now accomplished, and that our existence can be perpetuated as an "influence" through their labors and organizations! It recalls the answer of the professor, whose little son inquired, "What does '*requiescat in pace*' mean?" "Please stay dead, is near enough," said the professor.

I see no reason why we should consent to stay dead, because our principles are leavening the whole lump. Whoever makes the best use of the truths of God's love, man's brotherhood, universal victory over evil, will be entitled to the most credit. "Help us, O Lord," once ran a

Universalist prayer, "to put down the Methodists, Congregationalists and Baptists, by praying better, living better, and loving better, than they." There is plenty of room in this world for the operation and spread of true Christian principles through manifold organizations. Whoever is most faithful will get the most of the fruits of the spirit. No evangelical "proxy" can do the work assigned to us. There is no reason to be satisfied with an immortality of influence, when we can stay right along, and start new and better influences, that will broaden the mission of the Universalist Church in all the future. Instead of raising the old cry, "Leaven the lump," let us join "The Watchman's" rallying shout, "No immortality by proxy!" Exceedingly poor policy would it be, just when the world has ripened and mellowed under the warmth of divine and human love, to withdraw the very power that helped to produce the beneficent effect.

This, indeed, is what affords us our opportunity. All we require for larger success is fidelity to our principles, and to the organizations that embody and express them. "Has your husband's love diminished?" asked the judge of the applicant for divorce. "Oh, no," said she, "it has increased." "Then why do

you want a separation?" persisted the judge. "Well, you see, it has ceased to flow in my direction." The sympathies of mankind have not ceased to flow towards the truths of Universalism, and what reason is there to separate ourselves from the important work to which we have been providentially called?

In fact, our principles have but just begun to be applied. The world is waking up under their power. Our Church in America is of comparatively recent origin. Hosea Ballou, whose birthday falls on the thirtieth day of this month, and whose writings created an epoch in the then infant Church, did not, until the century had well advanced, make a wide impression upon religious thought. But he planted the germs of what have been called the "Universals of the Gospel," — Universal Love, Universal Providence, Universal Spiritual Nature of Man, Universal Care of God, Universal Reign of Righteousness, Universal Salvation. None of these ideas which distinguish Universalism have begun to find universal acceptance and application. Little reason is there, then, to give ourselves up to an immortality by proxy. The Baptists, agreeing so closely with other denominations in doctrines, can far better afford to do it. But with us it would be to abandon a great

work upon which we have hardly entered. It would be like the man who said to an acquaintance, "I hear dot your son is goin' into peesness for himself." "Yes," was the reply, "he vas t'inking of shtartin' in mit a glozing-out sale." As a hundred years are but a day in the life of a denomination, we are not disposed to start in with closing out.

XVII.

THE MONTH OF FOOLS.

APRIL is symbolical of dispositions — her traditional sunshine and showers indicative of our changing moods.

“In tears and blushes sighs herself away,
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.”

We have April folks who are represented by April fickleness, — just as blustering souls find likeness in the fuss and flurry of March. We are reflected in our environment.

But the April just now closing, having failed to sustain a reputation for vacillation, apparently struck out — both meteorologically and morally — to present a new and independent rôle. By a striking coincidence of happenings, it has won, in this year of grace, the questionable distinction of being the month of fools.

This is the more remarkable, as her initial day is held by long custom sacred to “All-Fools.” Charlemagne called it in his calendar the Grass month, — the name still retained by

the Dutch. But grass is a Scriptural synonym for "all flesh," and with strange appropriateness we metaphorically speak of "greenness" of character. And so a suggestion of foolishness is concealed under Charlemagne's "leaves of grass." This agrees no less with antique monuments, whereon April is represented as a dancing youth with a rattle in his hand, — foolishness and frolic being her predominant mood.

"At last young April, ever frail and fair,
Woody by her playmate with the golden hair,
Chased to the margin of receding floods,
Steals o'er soft meadows starred with opening buds."

This round of "fortune's furious fickle wheel," as Shakespeare — himself an April product, but not of the foolish variety — calls it, may, by some occult law, account for the fact that an eminent statesman and a no less eminent divine have unconsciously united in signaling the current April as the month of fools. Colonel Roosevelt has fretted the air with a rough rider's tilt against the "fool-reformers;" while on the clerical side an eloquent clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Plumb of Boston, having his eye in fine frenzy rolling, has discovered floating from the defiant front of the Sunday bicycle a banner with this strange device, "The champion fool!"

Taken together,—the every-day fool-reformers of the governor, and the Sunday fool-revolvers of the gospeler,—we have found a considerable expansion of All-Fools' day. There are hardly enough fool-favors, in fact, to go round.

In view of this epidemic of fools in the realm of politics and impiety, there would seem to be, if we are to believe these high functionaries, some justification of the famous ejaculation of Puck,—“What fools we mortals be!” And no little support of Carlyle's concentrated British census, “Forty millions — mostly fools!”

But why this sudden outbreak of mental imbecility and inefficiency? Does it indicate a general civil and religious situation bordering on despair, or does it arise from an impatient and imperious temper, which finds itself unable to look with toleration upon persons and performances not dominated by certain principles and purposes?

It is not a hopeful symptom surely—whether in politics or religion—this dominating and domineering attitude with regard to differences of thought and custom and method. It is required that we be not only sound but sweet. Whatever may be said of the fool-reformers, the wise reformers have not sawed the air and been loud-mouthed and clamorous; nor have

genuine religious reformers proved their doctrine orthodox by apostolic blows and knocks. We can hardly imagine, for example, Hosea Ballou, whose birthday falls next Sunday (April 30), joining these great dispensers of honors in April fooldom and dealing out denunciations for all whose opinions and practices he found himself unable to control. His dependence upon the sweet reasonableness of religion was justified by the reforms that followed in religious thought. And he could always answer a fool, too, according to his folly.

It may, indeed, be quietly assumed as a general fact that the fools are not all dead yet, and will not be, so long as we ourselves survive; but too much personal precision in distributing the diplomas may be foolhardy, entitling the dispenser to a conspicuous place in the Fool's Paradise.

It must be confessed, however, that the good book makes liberal bestowment of the Foolosopher's degree; but always, it will be observed, on grounds of actual merit, never issued by the college of passion or prejudice. Although it is not a little agreeable to the refined sensibilities of this present generation to find that the revised version has here and there softened the severities of the old translation,

changing, for example, the blunt "Thou fool!" in First Corinthians, into the more courteous, and really convincing, "Thou foolish one!" we would respectfully recommend the "revision" to those who, as Burke says, are given to "a theatrical, bombastic, windy phraseology."

We are willing to concede that in severity of speech much depends on the expression and tone of the speaker. One may even be called a fool in such dulcet accents as to arouse flattering emotions. Words softer than oil may be drawn swords of conviction and conversion. A critic complained to Dr. Channing of the hard denunciations by Jesus; the Doctor repeating them in a manner appropriate to Christ's character, the accuser remarked, "Oh, if he said it in *that way*, there's no fault to be found."

Whether the Unitarian saint could put into the politician's fool-reformers and the preacher's champion fools a tenderness which would make them messages of love and personal concern, may be doubtful; but it would be an experiment worth trying in any school of moral and oratorical expression. Whitefield could move an assembly to tears by his solemn and pathetic utterance of the word "Mesopotamia." And there may be some hope that fool-reformers, and champion fools, may yet be found in a

lachrymose condition, under the "reformed" deliverance of preachers and politicians.

But until we can go on our fool's errand in a more gracious spirit, we shall find ourselves fooling with fire-arms, starting a blaze with kerosene, or enacting some other universally recognized folly, which will return to plague the perpetrator.

" The man recovered from the bite.
The dog it was that died."

Nor must we forget that many circumlocutions in verbal severities may serve to adroitly adjust the rod to the fool's back; while the effect may be more enlightening and corrective. Carlyle knew how to say bold, bluff things, but he knew also how to delineate, so that the portrait was unmistakable; as when he depicts an Honorable Somebody who had a look of perfect politeness and perfect silliness, his face heavily wrinkled, smiling and shuttling about at a wonderful rate; while in the smile there seemed to be lodged a frozen sorrow as if bordering on a craze.

This lacks, we must own, the bluntness leveled at our April fools; but it amuses, while it accuses, and suggests that it may be better to paint a repellent portrait than to strike by lightning. We remember with what paternal

devoutness the Rev. Dr. Coxe, a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman, communicated to his son the startling announcement that the younger man was *non compos mentis*. The son, having become a minister in a high form of ecclesiasticism, set out to announce to his sire, that while, no doubt, he was a very good man, he could not be called a Christian minister, as he had not been Apostolically ordained. The old gentleman patiently heard his arrogant assumptions, and got in his impressions of his son's intellectual capacity by a spiritual "Round Robin" *via* the Celestial City. "God forgive me," he piously ejaculated, "for having begotten a fool!" While the plain blunt man, who speaks right on, creates an immediate agitation, the ultimate result for reforms and righteousness may not be so bright as when we speak the truth in love. The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.

Fortunately, Governor Roosevelt did not define his fool-reformers — and so we are not preaching politics by referring to it. He did the always safe thing of allowing others to make their own applications. A reputation for courage is easily won, by flinging bold words into the air. They ring and startle, but do not strike. It is a matter of definitions. Poli-

ticians and preachers alike are often glorified as wonderfully independent, for using "ubiquitous platitudes" as Senator Hoar calls them. Already it has been attempted to turn the tables on the New York Executive himself, and apply the fool-reformer to his own career. As if the gun, when aimed at duck and plover, had recoiled and kicked the owner over. Such are the uncertainties of oratorical pyrotechnics. Our curses come home to roost. All world-leaders, it must be remembered, have been fool-reformers to their own generations; while the later generations build their sepulchers. Christ, not Pilate, the scaffold, not the throne, rule the future. Inspiring examples adorn the pages of all history. The fool-reformers have reported progress, and asked for further time. A few years ago a lawyer in Athens moved the court to reverse the sentence passed against Socrates.

As to the other April variety — the champion fool astride the Sunday wheel — as usual, so many modifications and exceptions are required, that its author was evidently much nearer plumb in name than in judgment and temper. Even conservative journals were aroused, by the over-statement, to equally extreme assaults upon the church and clergy. It would not be surprising if the Sunday bicyclists

should adopt "The champion fool" for their motto, and so the last state of that man be worse than the first. Such irritating and sweeping accusations will not reform the customs of society. It requires long and patient training as to the balance and proportion of life. The habitual, all-Sunday-long wheel-man, is unwise, and is working injury to himself and others; he needs to be reminded that the home, the church, and the Sabbath have claims upon a part, at least, of the sacred hours; and that having reasonably met those claims for his own sake, and the good of the community, he may mount the silent steed with a clear conscience — as his neighbor, having attended to the same duties and privileges, may saddle his horse, for a moderate gallop through the park or along the highway, or take a seat in car or carriage with his wife and children, or go on foot into the field, or wander by the mountains or sea. But he must not do this to the neglect of the obligations belonging to his religious nature, and to organizations and institutions which conserve the higher interests of mankind. By properly mingling and balancing these interests he will become an all-round — and not an all-fool — character, and a champion wise man in more than one department of life.

But the shouting of "fool, fool," either by politician or preacher, will work no good, only evil. It neither accords with the genius of American religion nor American civics. The free spirit will be found to repel and rebel. Epithets of rudeness and ridicule are turned into shibboleths. The fool-reformers and champion fools—including those once reckoned such, by some, at Lexington and Concord, on the immortal 19th of April—will appeal to a later and more liberal tribunal. It did not hurt the Quakers to be termed "unbaptized, buttonless blackguards;" or Sir Robert Peel, to be derided as "Orange Peel" by those who hated the House of Orange; or Macaulay that the wags changed Babington in his name to "Babble-tongue;" or George Whitefield with his crooked eyes to be ridiculed as "Dr. Squintum."

And surely to-day any true man will respect reason more than railing; partisanship and bigotry will pass by him as the idle winds he heeds not, knowing that he must become a fool to many, that he may be truly wise to himself and God. In this view the fools which April has presented may be as evanescent as her changing smiles and tears.

XVIII.

LYING AS A FINE ART.

NOT that I am ambitious to figure as an expert, or as a rival to De Quincey in "Murder as a Fine Art," but would venture to indicate some tendencies and possibilities in this attractive field. Lies, like many sermons, have been arranged under three heads, — lies, lies with an evangelical prefix, and statistics. The art of falsification finds opportunity to disport itself in each of the three divisions. There is more variety in lying than Shakespeare found in his "retorts." He managed to discover the "retort courteous," but I am not sure in the art of lying that that distinction has been reached. The nearest to a courteous retort in this field I can recall, was by Horace Greeley, who, wishing to brand a falsehood, printed it in "The Tribune," followed by these words: "Some persons believe, and they think on good authority, that liars are welcomed to an exceedingly hot department in the world to come, but our solicitude for the safety of the writer of the above, would

lead us to hope that the belief is not well founded." As a work of art this is much neater than the clumsy statement of an editor, who describes himself as a "holiness member," and tells, says a brother editor, what appear to be seven lies in a brief space. And the brother editor adds with a little more lubricity, that is the kind of holiness which the prophet evidently had in mind when he described it as "filthy rags." Lying as a fine art need not limit itself to words. Paley says a man may act a lie, as by pointing his finger in a wrong direction when a traveler inquires of him the road. It may be done also by raising the brows or shrugging the shoulders, or by side glances, as also by evasion, emphasis, or tone, or accepting tenets for substance of doctrine. The lie insinuating may get in its deadly work, or the lie interrogative may start its penetrative suspicion.

A certain legitimacy attaches to this accomplishment, in the science of war, where to act a falsehood, with a view to deceiving an enemy, is an evidence of martial greatness. Without doubt rules for its successful application are to be found in military manuals. The officer who makes a pretense of attack, or displays false lights, or dummy soldiers, or wooden guns, or disseminates false reports as to number, condi-

tion or purpose, is hailed as a genius. The Jesuitical principle, that the end justifies the means, finds its exemplification in military service. An officer who should conduct a campaign on a straightforward line of truth would be court-martialed and executed as a traitor. In this realm it has become the recognized morality of nations when at war, to reduce lying to a fine art. Civilization, it is true, has put, and is more and more putting, limitations upon military deceptions. Stratagems formerly allowed would not now be tolerated, which shows the advent of a higher standard of honor.

I am not now raising the ethical quality of the transaction, but if the Peace Conference at the Hague, looking toward universal disarmament, should inaugurate a movement to limit international aggression, it would deprive the military conscience of the world of a tremendous opportunity of practicing this professional fine art, and very likely elevate generally the standard of genuine veracity.

Diplomacy is another fruitful sphere for the maneuvering of this gift. It is the art of conducting negotiations between nations. Dexterity or skill in securing advantages. "The tactics," according to Sparks, "of practical diplomacy." I would by no means imply that

diplomacy includes only the art of getting an advantage. It includes a knowledge of international law, broad views of statesmanship, the balancing of interests. But it cannot be denied that, in the past particularly, diplomacy has been too commonly a synonym for trickery. As we become more enlightened and recognize the larger common interests of nations, the elements of insincerity and artifice will be taken out, and negotiations placed on higher moral grounds. The more complicated national relations of the United States with foreign powers, growing out of the present situation, are emphasizing the necessity of establishing professorships of diplomacy in our colleges, and of having a trained class from which to draw the negotiators for settling international questions. If, while putting more knowledge into diplomacy, it diffuses a larger integrity, nobler purposes and more open methods, it will lift the sincerity and truthfulness of nations to a higher plane. When diplomacy separates itself from complicity with the fine art of lying, it will be another contribution to the moral integrity of mankind.

Politics is not entirely free from suspicions of this fine art. Municipal, State and National interests present opportunities for a nice shad-

ing of opinions and policies. How adroitly public questions are handled, how delicately ticklish interests adjusted, what suppressions and posturings indulged in, so as to conciliate the factions and satisfy all the sections! It is the fine art of doing it, and not doing it, at the same time. The skill displayed results always in practical falsehood, to be exposed farther along. A local politician "on the stump" declared, in vindication of his devotion to truth, that when a boy he had been thrashed by a mistaken father for telling it. It was an ill-mannered citizen in the hall who briskly replied, "I guess it's cured yer, guv'ner!"

Just now theology is all astir with the delicate handling of most explosive ingredients. How subscriptions to creeds can be made without indulgence in the fine art of lying is more than some can determine. The Briggs case among the Episcopalians, the McGiffert case among the Presbyterians, and less prominent cases in other denominations, are putting a strain upon the veracity of Christian people that must weaken a sense of sincerity and genuineness. A like condition obtains among Low Churchmen, Broad Churchmen, and High Churchmen in England, with reference to altar-lights, incense and confessionals. As some one

says, the latitudinarians, the attitudinarians, and the platitudinarians are charging each other with perversions and prevarications touching the rules and regulations of the Church. Each cannot see how the others can accept certain doctrines and practices without stultifying conscience and reducing falsehood to a fine art. How can the old beliefs be interpreted into modern speech and thought and life, and yet honest convictions be maintained? In this way questions of theology become questions of ethics, and consciences are impaired by practicing the fine art of appearances and striving to put new wine into old wine-skins. The great danger is, that the fine art of "splitting hairs betwixt the north and north-west side" will bring the clergy and religion into contempt. The people like openness, candor, courage, intellectual and moral honesty in the leaders of religious thought, and have no patience with pretense and prevarication. "How Cardinal Manning," says "The Congregationalist," "could have remained in the Anglican Church for two years after he had consciously become a Roman Catholic — preaching or instructing the laity and charging the clergy as a devoted Anglican, repeatedly asserting in the most emphatic terms his loyalty — without self-contempt and shame, is beyond

belief. It was not the conduct of a Christian or an honest man. No excuse can justify it. It was cowardly and dishonorable. That he was conscientious in his change need not be doubted, but that he could not always be trusted to deal sensitively with matters of either conscience or mere honor is obvious from more than one fact in his career."

This same lack of truth in the inward parts may characterize others who have become skilled in the dialectics of subscriptions to dogmas as a fine art, and will not generate a stalwart conscience, but a habit of mind automatically self-deceptive. Matters get mixed with them, like the boy's answer to the question, "What is a lie?" "An abomination to the Lord, and a present help in trouble."

It will not be overlooked, of course, that social lies have been reduced to a fine art, or wondered at either after these examples in high places. They are known in this sphere, as "white lies," and there is a "black" list of them. Look at the "engagements" that persons have, when you want them for useful work. We encounter at once a whole swarm of them, but not a few are constructive engagements. A physician has been known to advise a patient to be "chronically engaged;" and upon being

told, "But suppose I am not engaged, how then?" he replied, "Oh! that's easy enough, have an engagement with yourself." Not a few persons are "at home" or "not at home" by an act of imagination. "Nellie, is your mother in?" asked a caller. "Mother is out shopping." "When will she return?" Nellie (calling back), "Mamma, what shall I say now?" Sometimes there is confusion in these spheres of ethics, as when a mistress said to her servant, "Remember, Bridget, there are two things I must insist upon: truthfulness and obedience." "Yes, mum; and when you tell me to tell the ladies you're out when you're in, which shall it be, mum, truthfulness or obedience?" But we must not generalize, as to this fine art in society, upon too slender a foundation. My personal experience does not confirm it. But without doubt, it is with some a social habit, that might be modified to the wholesomeness of the moral sense. White lies not infrequently have their root in politeness, or the supposed demands of the social state. Many vices grow out of virtues. We do not often get the blunt truth involved in an invitation to dinner, sent by the son of the desired guests, who also returned their answer, "Ma said she'd accept with pleasure; and pa said he

wouldn't go if you come after him with a policeman." The small boy was not up in the fine art of society. A little more social sincerity, as well as more religious, political, diplomatic, military sincerity, would elevate the moral tone of the world. The fine art of falsehood would give place to the finer art of speaking the truth in love.

XIX.

GREAT MINDS IN THE SAME CHANNEL.

“THE Christian Register” lately had the following: “The readers of ‘Many Inventions’ know that Kipling is a devout reader of Emerson, but they do not accuse him of plagiarism because in the ‘Recessional’ he wrote:

‘Under whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,’

while in ‘Wood Notes’ Emerson had written:

‘And grant to dwellers with the pine
Dominion over palm and vine.’ ”

We had a pleasing reminder of something in a general way akin to this in reading Dr. Crowe’s inspiring description of music in the Wengern Alp, in his address on “The Contribution of Theology to the World’s Intellectual Life.” It is wonderfully fine, and used with telling effect in illustration of the final harmonies of the spiritual universe. But I had an added interest, as I recalled a remarkably similar experience of Horace Bushnell’s, in the

same Alpine region, which was described in a letter written Sept. 20, 1845, and given to the public in the biography by his daughters, in 1880. I found two great minds running in the same channel. There is not, to be sure, the least verbal or rhetorical resemblance in the literary form of the two descriptions, but they are suggestive as showing how the same scenes and sounds struck upon the senses and fancies of two strong and brilliant personalities.

I know few sensations more delightful than those which arise from finding ourselves unexpectedly in intellectual or spiritual accord with the printed thought of a great leader, or in anticipation of what is coming in reading a volume and seeing it later fulfilled ; or in discovering, when we have expressed what we supposed to be a novel thought, or experienced an original sensation, to find afterward that another mind, unknown to us, has been there before. Some distinguished man said there was no delight so sweet as to do good by stealth and have it found out by accident. The satisfactions I have named are quite equal to it.

I am very sure it will please Dr. Crowe to know that the sights and sounds he experienced among the Alps had come to the mind and heart of Dr. Bushnell nearly fifty years before.

To my way of thinking, the description of the earlier tourist falls far below that of the later. And certainly it fails in catching the sublimer strains of the concord of the spirit. Dr. Crowe puts the Alpine symphonies to higher uses. But let us hasten to join Bushnell in the Alps and listen through his ears to what was heard by him in the mountain of the Lord's house: "I arrived at the top of the Scheideck, about seven thousand feet above the sea, close under the magnificent peak of Wetterhorn. . . . It greatly aided the impression here that clouds were lying against the mountain and folding themselves about it as a veil, just opening occasionally to reveal the summit hung in mid-heaven, as it were, over us. We descended a little way, but lingered near the pass till almost sundown. As in a deep dell, far down below us, lay the green valley of Grindelwald, sprinkled all the way up to the highest line of pasture on both sides with the summer huts of the cheese-makers. Above, was the peak of the Wetterhorn, and Mettenberg and Eiger on the east, heading off the valley.

"We found a boy with a loaded blunderbuss ready to give us an echo, which rattled and pealed and cracked reduplicated noises like thunder, far up and away among the veiled tops of the

Oberland, drawing a response from each. Then we fell to trying our voices through a flaring wooden trumpet that was offered to us. I found that my loudest bass shout produced an effect almost superhuman, and I was tempted and urged to continue it, till I was quite hoarse. Up rolled the sound into the unknown, misty world, prolonging itself in swells and pulsations so seraphic, that it seemed as if the choirs of heaven had replied. I never could have thought it possible for any single note to have such a depth and ravishing power. Not all the notes I ever heard had so much music in them.

“Presently the veil began to grow thin. Looking up, we saw far up in the sky, a pure white terrace, like a battlement of the upper world, shining faintly through; and while we were gazing and wondering at the stupendous height, we saw breaking forth, still far above on the right, a tall granite pinnacle, and suddenly again on the left another yet a thousand feet higher.”

“Only that, and nothing more,” and yet that must have been ravishing to the outward sense. We hear without us what we have within us. But may we not imagine that the big loaded blunderbuss, which reduplicated noises like thnnder, and the flaring wooden trumpet, repre-

sent the coarse, harsh discords of the theology of 1845, to which Bushnell was even then trying to close his ears, and that the "fine entrancing music of the big Alpine horn" heard by the liberal divine of the nineties, represents the finer and final harmonies of a later and larger faith? "Some that stood by heard it, and said it thundered, others said an angel spake unto him."

Dr. Chapin used to say that the hotel bells, where he was spending his vacation, expressed in their tones their respective bills of fare. For example, the bell of the grand hostelry sounded out clear and strong, "Coffee and steak, coffee and steak;" while the timid tones from the boarding-house bell around the corner tinkled, "fish and tater, fish and tater." This may seem like the familiar step from the sublime to the ridiculous, but may it not be a homely illustration of the meanings gathered up from the voices of nature and life? It is certain that the mountain echoes heard by Bushnell did not, and could not with his views of the great hereafter, do service, as they did years afterward, when heard by an ear attuned to the heavenly harmonies of a moral victory in the spiritual universe.

We think of Tennyson's poem, "The Bugle":

“Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.”

But the echoes of the loftier liberal faith
take up the Laureate's larger faith, and sing in
the same verse,

“O love, *they* die in yonder sky,
They faint on hill or field or river,
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.”

We cannot resist an unexpected impulse to
permit the reader to hear again the Alpine
melodies which entranced Dr. Crowe, suggesting
to him the higher harmonies of the celestial
world. They recall Coleridge's “Before Sun-
rise in the Vale of Chamouni,” breathing the
law and love of an all-pervading spirit:—

“God! Sing, ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!
Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise.”

So must the mountain melodies have sounded
to the inner hearing of our New York divine,
and it is only fair that we display, in proximity

to Bushnell's words under like circumstances, the raptures and analogies of the more recent tourist. I notice that they have been already called to do service by a writer in another denomination. As we unite both in a common appreciation, we have no fear of the, so called, deadly parallel. Hearken then, once again, to the softer notes of a liberal faith from Alpine summits : —

“When my friend and I were plunging down the deep shoulder of the Wengern Alp, suddenly we heard music — great, fine, entrancing, pure music, out of which all mere noise had been distilled. We stopped short, in breathless charm. It came from the mountain wall to our right, which rose precipitous a thousand feet. Up, the great volume of harmony would sweep, again and again, from deep organ tone, through bell-note and cornet and piano and violin and flute, to the finest ring of silvery cymbals on the topmost crag. Out, the blending melodies would rush, across the deep valley, to the bosom of the Jungfrau, till all the atmosphere, for miles around, was filled and pulsing with the gladness of it. That gigantic wall of ragged stone was a mile-wide orchestra, whose numberless instruments were played by a many-handed archangel. Down the path, fifteen minutes on,

we found him — and he wasn't an archangel; he was a thick-necked, bellows-lunged Switzer, at the mouthpiece of his big alpine horn. We gave him money and bade him blow. He fetched a mighty blast, and another, and another; but we heard the horn, and not the echoes; and it was only a rasping noise. We looked up at the mountain wall, and marveled that the stony ledge could take such repellent sound and transform it into music so celestial and throw it abroad with such divine prodigality.

“This rough experience of our daily life, this battle, this pain, while we are in the midst of it, gives little promise of celestial harmonies. The mountain wall of cold, hard law, against which our lives are flung, does not seem like the presence of the loving God, but it takes up our harsh experience, and absorbs the crudeness out of it, and gives it celestial transformation, and multiplies the glory of it, and throws it aloft, across the valley of death to the sunlit hills, in the immortal music of purity and wisdom and joy.”

Like the old Gospel trumpet of the Apostle, this horn of the Wengern Alp, falling on the hearing ear and understanding heart, gives no uncertain sound as it echoes back from the “sunlit hills” of immortality —

“ On Alpine heights the love of God is shed ;
 He paints the morning red,
 The flowerets white and blue,
 And feeds them with his dew.
 On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

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On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his herd ;
His shepherd is the Lord ;
 For he who feeds the sheep
 Will sure his offspring keep.
 On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.”

XX.

A MINISTERIAL AFTERMATH.

No doubt some facetious literalist will rise to remark that as aftermath signifies a second crop of grass, it may imply a dangerous personal rebound for the writer. But we are not so green as to "go to grass" by any such etymological hocus pocus. We prefer to imitate the poets in a higher use of the word, and gather a little "rowen" into the gospel haymow. We hope we shall not imitate the ministers who are said to rake with the teeth upward. When John Brough ran for Governor of Ohio, the wags, remembering that he weighed three hundred, exclaimed, —

"If flesh is grass, as people say,
Then Johnny Brough's a load of hay."

He said it must be so, by the way all the donkeys were nibbling at him. Fortunately we write in peace, and gather this ministerial aftermath impervious to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. It would be a poor season

that did not yield some professional hints and helps.

I have noticed for one thing how many talents are to be found in a company of vacationists, which are utilized and combined for the general pleasure and profit. Very much time is given to cards, pool, bowling, quoits, croquet, tennis and other games. But much pleasure is derived from enlisting the varied faculties of the summer colony. The artist is there, using his pencil on local scenes, to interest the company. The amateur photographer takes snap shots, and after the products are handed about for inspection, they are taken away as reminders of pleasant hours. Some have the gift of singing, others of speaking, or playing on musical instruments; and there are natural born leaders and organizers who, coming to the front, arrange and direct these different powers, so as to furnish many occasions of instruction and entertainment.

I recall a fine program, presenting eighteen numbers, forming an inspiring occasion. In it was an original hymn by a member of the company, set to music by another, a musical composer, sung by still another, the chorus enlisting many voices; and the piano, which furnished the accompaniment, had been tuned, during the

day, by one of the guests ! Here is a suggestion to the minister, as he resumes work, of the importance of finding, uniting, enlisting, and leading the different talents among his people.

Another element in this ministerial aftermath is the better relation between the clergy of the different denominations. This is everywhere apparent. Both preachers and parishes affiliate more largely. They unite on general occasions, exchange more freely, join together in annual celebrations, and show a broader Christian spirit. Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, made a great sensation, in his Fast Day proclamation, by lamenting the decadence of religion in the State ; but there is manifestly a growing spirit of fellowship among the preachers and people of all the denominations, — and there is much religion in that. A generation ago no such fraternization existed among the adherents of different creeds. Religion is found more in the agreements, and not so much in the differences, of the people. Such representations of sectarian bitterness, wrangling and scheming, as are to be found in the writings of those who are striving to combine different parishes into one organization, who are crying out too many churches and too many ministers, — are not true to the facts of to-day. The novels of Charles M.

Sheldon, notably his book, "The Miracle at Markham," exaggerate the prevailing situation, — particularly in the East. We do not need fewer denominations, or preachers or parishes, but more fellowship and unity of spirit among them. It were just as wise to unite all families, and have a universal domestic institution, instead of separate homes, united in love. Let us in this church year be true to our own, and we shall not be false to our friends in other churches.

Furthermore, the fast changing estimate of the clergy has been thrown to the surface during the summer. Not that the present standard of ministerial estimates is, in all respects, less desirable, but it is certainly different, and the reasons for respecting clergymen are supported by new considerations.

The celebration of "Old Home Week" in New Hampshire, just completed as I write, for which the Governor sent out invitations to all the scattered natives of the Granite State to come home, has given rise to many contrasts between the past and present. The long pastorates, the prominence of the clergy in the communities, the old views once entertained by the people, and the former methods instituted for parish needs, make the change very marked.

On a drive to Dunbarton we inquired of a venerable gentleman, working by the roadside, what there was of interest to see there. He answered, "Wall," hesitating, as if making a mental search for the most important and interesting object, "wall, there's a *minister* there!" Whether the clergyman was regarded as a fossilized curiosity, or took the place of Longfellow when the Englishman said, "As there are no ruins in America I thought I would come to see you," — I cannot say. But I think it was the lingering veneration for the minister of the Gospel. He was one to be sought out, with a demonstration of regard for his person and profession.

Although there is no lack of respect to-day by self-respecting persons for faithful ministers, who have done long and fruitful service, yet it seemed in this case to spring out of sentiments peculiar to a past administration. We did not, I must confess, pay our regards to the beloved and venerated pastor, but we found out that his admiring parishioner had come nearer the truth than we imagined. There was a minister there, and very little else. A native of the town told me that Dunbarton contained no lawyer, no doctor, no saloon, no hotel, no steam cars, no electric cars, no telegraph, no telephone, and I

presume no poorhouse. The "no's" in the recital had it, and reminded me of Tom Hood's poem on "No-vember." Under such circumstances how the minister must be magnified in his office. And yet Dunbarton, as we may well imagine, has sent out many of her native population to do honorable work in the world. One of the largest and most enthusiastic observances of "Old Home Week" was held there. In that same hilltown the Hon. Carroll D. Wright was born, and was expected to deliver the oration at the celebration. In the forties the town had a Universalist society, of which the Rev. Nathan R. Wright, father of the statistician, was pastor, and I talked with a gentleman whose parents had been married by that minister in 1844.

Fifty years ago the clergymen of these old towns were a power among the people. They were the educators of their time. One of them is recalled as fitting over a hundred young men for college, mostly for Dartmouth, some of them to become men of national reputation. On small salaries they educated their own sons—and generally there was a large band of them, with daughters to match—and sent them forth to fill successful and honorable positions. In those days nothing was too good for the minis-

ter, not even liquid sweetness long drawn out which the venerable dame poured into his coffee-cup. The woodchuck, as we hear repeated in these parts, must be caught to make meat for his dinner; and, if we may believe tradition, the chickens, when they saw his vehicle, lay down and crossed their legs as a ministerial sacrifice. At all events, these oft-told tales, which have become flat, stale and unprofitable, attest the hold that "the cloth" had in generations past, and incidentally confirm the saying, "Them pious eats awful." No such exaggerations of regard could arise in the present. The minister has become human, a part of society, more honored on the ground of an intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of his character and worth. The ministerial strength of the past, its intelligence and virtue, mingle with the softer, kindlier, more familiar graces of the present.

And the changed condition better comports with the more hopeful ideas in religion that are more and more prevailing. At all events, whatever the minister to-day accomplishes for character and civilization, he must work out by different methods, and by appeals to different motives. If we have lost some things from the estimation in which ministers were held, we

have introduced qualities more valuable for the religious work of the world. When the little girl shrank close to the side of her mother, and peeping out timidly asked, when the stern and dignified minister presented himself, "Mamma, is that Dod?" he failed to represent the genial presence that took little children into its arms and blessed them. A child upon hearing that Jesus never smiled, remarked how could he help it when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." I suspect a combination of past and present elements in the minister would produce a result combining strength and dignity with sweetness and light.

And the maintenance and associations of the clergy have changed no less than the standards of his character and work. The old records revived by the recent observances in New Hampshire have made a new impression of this general transformation. Everywhere the use of rum and cider on the high days of the church was conspicuous. Ordinations, dedications and installations, weddings and funerals, witnessed the custom, as well as town meetings, barn raisings and social gatherings. That venerable institution, the parson's donation party, made provision for "wetting the whistle," that was

also to serve as the trumpet of salvation. The stipulations as to income arranged for a specified amount of produce to supplement the cash factor in the salary. The Presbyterian Church in Bedford recently observed its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, and the journey thither is through a mile of finely shaded road, known as "The Ministerial Woods," because in earlier days the minister was entitled to the use of its product for firewood, as one of his perquisites. We have come, in a comparatively few years, a long way from the primitive customs of New England. Ministerial support to-day is picked up in different quarters, and not always in ways more dignified and commendable. Many humble places, too, in the Lord's vineyard, might find tillage now if more simplicity in living could be introduced into the ministry. Many of the present older clergy started in small parishes, with pinching incomes, and so saved the smaller churches. As they moved on to larger fields, others stood ready to do the work that they laid down. They took the smaller places as they opened, but were alive to "great expectations."

XXI.

ROVER AND I — MY SUMMER DOG.

ROVER belongs to the "Hillside," my vacation home; but when I return for the season he always knows me, and extends the most hearty greeting, jumping up on me, licking my face and hands, and changing his barking tone, upon his recognition of me, into a note of joy and welcome. From the time I arrive, through all the weeks of my stay, Rover is my dog, a constant companion in my walks and a never failing friend. He remains indeed loyal to the family, and is the obedient servant of the particular member whom he knows as his mistress and whose word he is expected to heed. If required, he attends her into the woods and fields berrying, as her vigilant body guard, but he almost invariably attends me on every expedition, giving tokens of delight when I start off, seizing a stick, and frisking about with it in his mouth, and making manifestations of delight; and upon my return takes his place at the door of my room for a rest, sometimes re-

maining there all night. For the other boarders he shows but little friendship, but always respect, if treated wisely and kindly. And so Rover becomes known among the visitors and residents as "my summer dog."

In the morning he hastens to give me greeting as soon as his eye falls upon me, or he hears my footsteps on the piazza. There is no mistaking the "good-morning" that he means by the vigorous wagging of his tail and general friskiness of behavior. Rover is in part a shepherd dog, and has long reddish and black hair with a beautiful fox-like tail, and a very sprightly and intelligent expression. It is the general exclamation, "What a pretty dog!" He is very kind and affectionate, but very choice in the selection of his acquaintances. If he likes any one he is very expressive of delight at his presence. Upon his return from a drive or walk he gives his friend unmistakable signs of pleasure. He has been known to recognize persons after several years' absence, which shows that dogs have good memories. He likes to play "catch" on the lawn, getting a stick or croquet-mallet in his mouth, and bending down on his forefeet, with his bushy tail wagging like a plume in the air, and his eye intent on his competitor, ready upon his ap-

proach to bound off or to spring aside, defeating all attempts to dispossess him of the article in dispute.

When he starts off to walk with me, he makes at once for some object that he can carry in his mouth, and with great spirit runs on ahead, as if he would show his desire to accomplish something or enter with zest upon the way before us; or he varies this by jumping as high as he can under my outstretched arm, and this action he repeats from time to time during the walk, as a social recognition. In these ways he shows a feeling of companionship as well as by frequent glances of friendly recognition.

He is fond of carrying articles for his attendant — to be trusted with a paper on returning from the post-office, or bearing a cane concerning which he seemed to evince a weighty sense of responsibility, moving along with great dignity, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, except occasionally to turn back his head to see if his companion is following; whereupon hearing the words "All right, Rover," he jogs along in the unbroken trot.

It is not always safe, however, to trust Rover with articles of value, for one day coming from the station I gave him, at his earnest solicita-

tion, my umbrella to carry. He seemed to feel the greatest interest in the undertaking, looking back as usual for a word or nod of approval, until, getting on ahead where a bend in the road hid him from view, he must have taken the umbrella into the edge of the thick bushes by the roadside to get a moment's rest, and coming out at a point before we caught sight of him, we found that the article he had carried in his mouth was missing. The umbrella was never seen again, although diligent search was made for it, and Rover was besought to tell the whereabouts. He evidently belongs to a secret society. I did not soon hear the last of the lost umbrella. All sorts of jokes were made at my expense, and even a conundrum started by some one, "Why, if the lost umbrella shall be found, will it be better than ever;" the answer to which was, "Because it will be recovered!"

Rover, however, if he cannot always be trusted as an express agent for carrying packages, which is really not the business of his dogship, is very faithful in looking after the cows and in helping to get them into the yard upon their return from pasture. As they have to cross the main road he takes his place at the south to head them off in that direction, and

when the last cow is safely by, he hastens them along; not infrequently getting hold of a dangling cow-tail, which results in his being swung to and fro in the air as the cow makes toward her destination to escape him. While faithful in this way as to the cows he is very careful not to fight the cats and kittens, but gives way quietly when they are around; it is plain to see, however, that he is a little jealous at the attentions paid to them. We can hardly expect Rover to be better than some boys and girls.

Rover is not an educated dog in playing tricks, but he will take several steps on his hind feet with his head up in the air, will sing, will shake hands, carry articles from one person to another and put his great paws affectionately about the neck of his master and gaze very intelligently into the human eyes, until being asked "What makes you look so silly?" he takes it as a hint that he had better resume his four-footed attitude.

When a young dog, Rover went to visit a neighbor, living in a wild, wooded region where there were bears, and an older dog of the family took him into the forest where there was a bear-trap; and Rover being careless got his fore-foot caught in the trap, and could not

get it out. The old dog ran home without him, and Rover was left out all night in that painful condition. The next morning a searching party found him caught in the bear-trap and almost exhausted. Fortunately no bones were broken, but it required a whole month to cure the leg, which "bears" the scar to this day. I do not know if Rover has had any more adventures of that kind, although the men about the house tell some wonderful bear stories. Some coons, however, have been very near the house this vacation, and Rover was taken out to hunt them; but while he seemed very willing to enter into the excitement, and barked with all his might at the prospect of the game, his training did not fit him for that kind of work; and although we frequently hear the coons, none, so far, have been caught.

XXII.

GOSPEL "GLOBE-TROTTERS."

LET not the vernacular twang of this title rule it out of the verbal court. It was born of the free, open, unlimited intercourse of our modern life. It is an outcome of the fact that the world is now becoming a great highway for the foot of man. It means that for travel and trade, pleasure and profit, the globe is a free field for human enterprise and energy. It signifies that man is at home everywhere, and that nothing that concerns humanity is to be put aside. If continued it will blot out the word "foreign" from the vocabulary, and usher in a cosmopolitan era with the motto, "My country is mankind." That this is the best spirit of the last decade of the nineteenth century none will deny.

Now this spirit is not only in the secularities of the times, it is also in its religious life. The doors are opening in all directions, making free highways to the ends of the earth. The Gospel herald compasses the globe. He has the "largest

circulation on earth." He is working up to the old-time declaration, "the field is the world." He is thrilled by the Master's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." He is catching anew the spirit of Paul, the great Christian perambulator of the first century, as he heard the voice which said, "Come over and help us;" and after planting the Gospel standard at the centers of population in Asia Minor, he began a foreign mission in Europe, which, spreading through the Christian ages, compassed many lands, and in due time reached America and is blessing us to-day; and having come to a hopeful period in civilization, invention, and national intercourse, it is now being carried to the ends of the earth. And so the old word of the Master is being fulfilled in new and varied ways. As a result of this world intercourse the word *man* has become deeper and broader than any *type* of man. I once heard a colored orator at a college commencement say, when the audience applauded his glowing sentiments, "I don't want to be honored as a *black* man, but as a black *man*." Humanity is no longer an affair of color, clime, custom, costume, and language, but of underlying elements and faculties that distinguish the whole human race.

This was the conception of the Gospel from the beginning. Jesus showed it in that early foreign missionary movement at Jacob's Well, with one Samaritan woman for an audience, with never a word of complaint about the size of the congregation, to whom he made the grand announcement, good for any nationality, "God is a spirit," and sent her telling the welcome news to all her neighbors. Peter was taught the world-proportions of the Christian religion by the vision of the sheet. And out of this central principle and energy of Christianity has come every missionary movement of the world. It has started up the "globe-trotters" of all denominations, who go forth shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace. No longer is this open intercourse of the nations for destruction and conquest, but for civilization, fraternity, and human progress.

When the historian Freeman visited the United States he wrote home, "America would be a very good country, if every Irishman would kill a negro and be hanged for it." But the Christian religion finds a better mission among the antagonistic children of the earth than mutual destruction. It roots out their ancient prejudices and passions, and shows them their common interest in a common brotherhood of

man. It falls in with the ideas that give birth in this age to such words as "international," "arbitration," "reciprocity," "World's Fairs," "World's Congresses," "Parliaments of Religion," "Ecumenical Councils," and the "Confederation of the World." And so the principles of Christianity have grown into an expansive, all-embracing way of regarding mankind. The missionary idea, the ocean telegraph, the use of steam as a means of intercourse, a better knowledge of the literature of all peoples, a wider acquaintance with national peculiarities, larger information as to their religious systems, the interchange of commerce, the extended range of the modern traveler, — these are to-day the agencies and avenues which may be made to facilitate also the world-wide diffusion of Christian truth. "I am a man, and deem nothing that relates to man foreign to my feelings."

Why, all this is but an expression of the genius of the universal Gospel. It falls into its purpose to bless the human race. We begin to see here and there glimpses of the fulfillment of its plan to redeem the whole family of man. We get a little insight now and then as to how the result is at last to be brought about.

We, of all others, believe in its ultimate complete victory. We chant "The earth is the

Lord's and the fullness thereof," we sing "Fly abroad, ye mighty Gospel," and yet are looking on while commerce and statesmanship and science are reaping all the advantages of this freer intercommunication of the peoples of the earth; and in fact seem to be pausing just now to consider whether we shall slam the only real foreign door that we have opened in the faces of our representatives. Do we want to have no part or lot in this globe-encompassing propensity of the present age? Do we want to go back, fold our arms, and look on to see other denominations do all the work and get all the benefit of it? Do we mean to say that we have a system of faith that has no applicability to the wants that are common to humanity? To take such a position is to introduce into our denomination at least one foreign custom, which Christianity ought to destroy everywhere, *viz.*, the commission of hara-kiri. It is self-destruction, just as sure as the principle is true that to deny is to die, and to give is to live.

We have certain religious ideas which are so broad and all-inclusive that we have christened them with the name "Universalism." And then we turn about and adopt a policy which brands them necessarily as local and provincial. We

shout "UNIVERSAL," "UNIVERSALISM," "UNIVERSAL LOVE," "UNIVERSAL SALVATION," and then we are asked by some, as Dr. William Everett would say, "to deposit ourselves in a cavity" where no one outside of our own country will ever see or hear tell of us. And all this in an age when the representatives of every other interest of life, and even the heralds of the narrow systems of faith which we denounce, have their banners everywhere on the frontiers of the world.

If we can't keep that one door open that leads into the Japanese heart, let us take down the sign UNIVERSALISM from the old stand, go out of this everlasting "Universal" business, and own up that we have been acting on the housekeeper's motto, "The bigger the sham, the greater the spread."

When Dr. Bellamy lay dying he was greatly troubled lest, having "preached the Gospel to others, he himself should be a castaway." "My dear brother," said a friend, "if God should send you to hell, what would you do there?" "I would," said he after a moment's thought, "I would organize a prayer-meeting at once." An expression like that about the hell of the next world the Universalist Church always applauds, and rightly so; but to explore the

present world for opportunities to help mankind is not always so stimulating.

And if Japanese ideas, habits, and customs are really better than ours, as we are told, — which in some respects may be true, — then send out the missionaries by all means. If they can't take out anything from the Universalist Church, if, to use a nautical expression, we are obliged to go out as "empty bottoms," — without any religious cargo, — then bring back something of value, and so let us be benefited in that way. Doubtless in some respects the intercourse may be made mutually beneficial. Missionaries are good even as mediums of communication. Let us have them as ministers from the court of Heaven to the court of the Orient. We who talk so much about the brotherhood of the race ought either to get or give, or both. Let "no pent-up Utica contract our powers" when we have inscribed on our flag, "The whole boundless universe is ours."

We hear the cry of "heathen at home." Some of the home heathen are shouting it the loudest, and so manage to give nothing to either enterprise. But this is not always the case. What we want to accomplish in our denominational method is to utilize every variety of talent and interest. By this arrangement the

heathen at home will enlist some persons, and the heathen abroad others. The result will be the planting of many Christian centers of many kinds, and working out towards each other the "globe-trotters" will finally meet and clasp hands round the world.

XXIII.

THE CRACK OF THE SPORTSMAN.

SHOULD any one look into the Mechanics' Building in Boston as I am penning these lines, he would see that copious structure transformed into the "Sportsmen's Show" now attracting great throngs to look upon its wonders. It is astonishing to behold the extent and variety of objects associated with the world of sports. On every hand are the suggestions of forest, field, and stream. Animals, fishes, and birds are on exhibition. Bowling, balling, boating, bicycling, boxing, and all the other "B's" that make up the range of popular recreations, salute you on every hand. Tennis, croquet, golf, polo, are suggested; swimming, skating, and racing mingle in one grand display; scenery, decorations, pictures, hunting contrivances, camps and camp materials, and other articles too tedious to mention, as the auctioneers say, have turned the whole interior of the Mechanics' Building into an aggregation of sporting facts and facilities. One might think that there was nothing else

in the world but the quest of pleasure, that athletics and its kindred pursuits had taken the place of all the other interests of mankind, and that the crack of the sportsman attracted more attention in our modern civilization than the crack of doom did in the old-time theology. When a certain minister of dim vision was reading in the Bible and called the patriarchs, partridges, it was said to be making "game" of those ancient worthies. Verily the New England Sportsmen's Association has been showing how to make game on an enormous scale. So far as we know, it is wholly a novel undertaking.

Has, then, this Sportsmen's Show nothing to teach on the moral and religious side of life? Here is manifested a constantly increasing absorption in the recreations of society. The world is certainly growing on that side, whatever may be said of any other. Facilities for amusement everywhere abound, and zeal for their improvement prevails in all classes of society. There never was a time when opportunities for recreative pursuits were so common and convenient as to-day. A large part of literature, the drama, music, yea, even of religion, ministers in one way or another to the rage for entertainment. A recent article in

"Harper's Monthly" recalls the time when the substantial lyceum lecture gratified a popular demand. The names and pictures of the famous lecturers, including our own Chapin, who in those days commanded public attention, are presented. But all this has given place to lighter varieties which minister to a passing gratification. The stage seldom offers the standard plays, but deals in light presentations supported by catching music and scenic attractions.

It has recently been discovered by a dramatic critic that Hamlet, the "melancholy Dane," has the element of amusement in him, and it has been predicted that in the future the great classics of Shakespeare will be so handled as to provoke the risibles of the playgoers. The administration of religion, too, is feathered with pleasantries to attract and enliven. We know how far education has also become mingled with the prevailing sports. It is one of the live questions with college faculties and trustees how to relate them to the common educational requirements. To some of the rising generation athletics are the supreme interests in university life. I knew of a boy of ten years, who, upon being asked if after a while he were going to Harvard, replied, "No,

I don't believe I can ever play baseball well enough to go to that college." Another lad, who was asked what made him think his father never went to college, answered scornfully, "He doesn't know a half-back from a center rush!" From this state of things it is apparent that the crack of the sportsman is not only heard in field and forest, but in every department of our civilization.

Far be it from me to visit this state of things with unqualified condemnation. It indicates a wide-spread and in many respects a beneficent change which is now proceeding in our physical and social life. It is the result in part of the relief of the human mind from the bondage of old-time religious views. The trend of religion is toward magnifying the present life, making more of the physical nature, and emphasizing the fact that salvation is the development of the whole being. We no longer regard it as the purpose of life "to escape from hell and fly to heaven," or give the boy's version of the old catechism that "the chief end of man is to glorify God and *annoy* him forever," or to annoy ourselves or each other, either. Well may Maurice Thompson ask, in a recent article on De Quincey, "Does salvation depend upon refusing to smile when you are amused? Must

the human being wither, deny its functions, die a mummy, in order to flourish in heaven?"

It cannot be denied, and it ought to be spoken to its credit, that a more cheerful theology has made this world a good deal better and brighter place in which to live. It no longer sets its tune to the old words, "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound," but gives new emphasis and broader meaning to the line, "Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less." It neither denounces the crack of the sportsman nor the crack of a joke, at right times and in wise proportion. The Church does not array itself against amusements. It recognizes their naturalness and legitimacy. It broadens the conception of religion to make it include the body and the social faculties. It finds far more of Christianity in the healthy and happy exercise of all our faculties, in the use and enjoyment of life and nature, than in moanings and groanings over an angry God and endless perdition.

Nevertheless, this new world wherein dwelleth pleasures, and for which our brighter faith is somewhat responsible, brings to us fresh obligations and opportunities. There is a wide sphere of usefulness for the ministry and church, in directing, limiting, refining, propor-

tioning the amusements of life. They must be confined to their appropriate place, and not monopolize too much time and energy. Life must find its proper balance between recreation and helpful service. Too great absorption in pleasure is to defeat the very end of pleasure. To get health and enjoyment from the bicycle, for example, it is not necessary to secularize all the hours of the Sabbath, and neglect every religious and social obligation. In that case the bicycle rides the man, and not the man the bicycle. We do not want to be engrossed in it to the extent of the judge who, when a victim of the bicycle thief was testifying, and remarked incidentally, "That wheel, judge, was the finest on the market," told him to stop. "I'll fine you ten dollars," he exclaimed, "for contempt. This court rides the finest wheel on the market." Or the Sunday-school superintendent who said severely to a member, "Robert, I didn't see you in Sunday school yesterday." "No, sir," returned that devotee of the popular Sunday sport, "I was out on my wheel." "How were the roads?" anxiously inquired the now thoroughly aroused superintendent. A gentleman whose numerous sons and daughters had been provided for in this respect, at great expense, remarked that he had the bicycle pocket-book,

and that it was badly punctured. The same will apply to other expensive forms of amusement. They must come under the law of moderation. Wisdom lies at the mean between the two extremes. Religion must urge upon the devotees of pleasure the claims of the higher interests of life.

Furthermore, the church has a mission in exalting and purifying the very idea of recreation. The coarser round of pleasure is not the only sphere of interest. Why should we identify amusement with certain sports that now attract almost undivided attention? So far as they are needful to physical culture they are justifiable. But as contests involving coarse, rough usage, brutal attacks, injurious scrambles, provocative of bad feelings both mentally and physically,—why should they, by pre-eminence, be entitled to the designation of sports? No wonder the cognomen “a sport” has come to signify a light, empty, adventurous character. It is the degradation of a good name.

And let us not forget that there are pleasures for other types of life, in art, music, literature, scientific investigations, and in communion with nature. There is a book of pleasure that never once mentions any of the popular sports of to-day. It presents in one volume

Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination," and Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory." These "pleasures" never drew a crowd around a bulletin board in Newspaper Row, nor fanned the flame for gambling, nor painted the town red. But they have regaled many a weary spirit, and prepared it for the great battles of life.

Nor could we ever feel quite reconciled to the identification of sport with the infliction of suffering and death. This was brought home forcibly at the Sportsmen's Show. That it is necessary to destroy the lives of bird, beast and fish to provide for mankind may be conceded. But why any person should derive sport from this necessary suffering, it is hard to tell. Said a man to his companion one bright morning, "What a glorious day! Let's go out and kill something." A man of color came to the police station of a Monday morning to inquire for his son, and gave the officer a description of that sable individual. The chief of police told him that there was a person answering that description arrested the night before for breaking up a meeting with an axe-helve. "Dat's him, dat's him," broke in the anxious father, "dat's him, he said he was going out to 'muse hisself." Religion has a

work in elevating and toning the amusements of the people. If Capt. Sigsbee of the ill-fated "Maine" was, as the papers reported (upon which you may always *rely*), attending a bull-fight in Havana the Sunday before the explosion, he did what probably many other excellent people have done out of curiosity, or for the study of foreign customs. But if he derived any pleasure from it, or saw it as anything other than a painful and repulsive spectacle, which presumably he did not, his ideas of amusement need to be reformed.

The fundamental rule for all kinds of sport, is that it send us back to the necessary pursuits of life with mind and muscle strengthened and refreshed. The conditions of healthfulness and morality must be observed. We must be glad to escape from the needed recreation in due time, and to take up again the burdens and duties of life. The good-hearted German had it right when he was asked, "Well, how did you like the sports?" and answered, "I was so glad to get home again that I was glad I went."

It is an important work of the church to recognize, foster, limit and direct the amusements of the people, to lift them out of unworthy associations, and this work can only be

accomplished by the broadest sympathies and the most patient training. Let not religion be divorced from recreation. Then the crack of the sportsman will not prove a crack (in another sense) to divide the faculties and interests of mankind.

XXIV.

NATURE IN MINIATURE.

THE village is frequently an objective point in the summer outing. Happy is the rural situation where the way thither leads along a highway bordered by the beauty which the Great Spirit loves to scatter along the human pathway; and happy are the eyes that can see and the mind that can appreciate the significance of the lovely scene. The walk to the village is scarcely more than a mile, but by a road that bends gracefully first to the right, then to the left, and afterward to the right again, in curves that are the embodiment of grace. The middle portion of the way runs through a wooded region, which makes the walk shady and cool. The spirit of silence lingers in the air, and the footsteps instinctively halt for a moment of communion with the invisible life, the phenomena of which are everywhere seen, while the living and abiding essence is undiscoverable to mortal eye.

Beyond the shade-giving trees that flank the

way, run ranges of hills, and farther on rise the higher peaks of the mountains, but by the leafy village road we seem shut into a side chapel for meditation and communion with a bit of creation which shows us nature in miniature. God is revealed in small things as in great. The microcosm or little world is no less wonderful than the macrocosm or great world.

We are amazed at what is crowded into this limited space by the roadside; what marvelous beauty, what variety of form, clusters and combinations, what objects in geology, in botany, in arboriculture, in entomology, in ornithology! We long for special knowledge in these departments of science, in order to understand and classify the forms that we behold. We are grateful, however, that an appreciation of their use and beauty, the suggestions of a loving Providence, and the higher lessons of faith and worship, need not be lost by the lowliest mind.

In the roadside miniature are mirrored all the laws and principles of the universe. It is Tennyson's "flower in the crannied wall." Could we know it all, and all in all, we should know what God means, and what all things in nature mean; for, as some one observes, if we could but see behind the veil, and note the secret movement, we should be amazed at its

simplicity, and exclaim in wonder, "Is that all?"

As we stop to gaze at some spot by the way, displaying a group of beautiful plants, we are impressed with the wisdom and love that make the common highway, by which men go to their daily toil, or on practical and monotonous errands, such a scene of life and loveliness. In the adjoining fields and orchards are the grain and fruit for the sustenance of man; but the Infinite Provider has not only a purpose of lower utility, but combines it with the higher æsthetics to minister to the mind. Even the processes of decay are made, in the transitions of nature, opportunities for new display of beauty and life. The trunk of the fallen tree, as it obeys the inevitable law of earth to earth, and ashes to ashes, becomes the habitation of new growths, that turn its decay into exquisite grace and loveliness. A single tree-trunk, decorated by the skill of the Great Artist, presents a spectacle of wonder and delight. The moss that covers its moldering fibers is the shroud of velvet provided for the final change. It is varied in color and form, and with its delicate texture springs the running plant, whose lace-like tracteries and minute leaves present living sprays which mock the skill of the best-trained

human hand. Blushing berries, scattered here and there among the vines and mosses, complete the variegated garb with which the higher wisdom conceals the great change which we call death, but which everywhere leads to new life.

The same process of beautifying and utilizing the passing forms is seen in the unsightly stump by the wayside from which as a throne the monarch of the forest has fallen. Observe its moss-covered sides, and, springing from its top, the infant tree which draws its greenness and grace from the fast-rooted pedestal upon which the old-time giant has swung its arms in a thousand storms. What a "stump speaker," to be sure, and what an eloquent story of struggle and progress, and times and seasons, and cloud and sunshine, it might declare of its predecessor whose vacated place it is seeking to fill.

In this miniature of nature is found the rugged rock, softened into attractiveness by the deft fingers of the designer of uncounted patterns, of whom Jesus said, "My Father worketh hitherto." He still works, and works still, as He turns off the old miracle for new eyes. From the granite surface rises the pine or elm or maple, throwing its roots down the sides of the stony life-bearer to find the needed nourish-

ment below. It is surprising what work Nature will do to prevent the defeat of her purpose. She does seem indeed, as the poet says, "careless of the single life" and "careful of the type;" but she is not devoid of interest in the single life, as the struggling form upon the flinty rock attests.

Such are a few lineaments in this miniature of nature, as we behold it from the village roadside. How much is gathered in its limited enclosure! What hours and even weeks might be given to its study! What principles and poetry does it enshrine! What lessons of near but neglected objects does it present; and how it shows forth the wisdom of God, in the feathery fern, the stately goldenrod, and the humble buttercup! All Thy works praise Thee — the picture framed by the wayside, as well as the broad canvas of the mountains and the expanse of the starry firmament.

XXV.

A RAINY-DAY EXCHANGE.

It was my lot, last Sunday, to exchange with a clergyman residing in a city twenty miles from Boston. The day proved to be the most rainy day of the season. The distance to be traveled required an early start, and I had an opportunity to study what was going on in the streets. And there is a good deal more going on than many late sleepers of a Sunday morning know anything about. Perhaps some of them know only by faith, that the sun rises any earlier than they do themselves. Early rising, it is true, is not the demand that it once was. With good reason, too, without doubt, for to justify the early rising, we must balance it with early retiring, not forgetting either part of the familiar couplet,—

“Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise.”

But not many are nowadays given to overmuch zeal, in this respect, in early Sunday

hours. One thing observed in the young day was, that the sidewalks were thronged with men and women. The rain poured down, but the hastening crowd moved forward, as if rushing to hear the latest war news, or feel the newest social, political, or military sensation. Waterproofs, umbrellas, and rubbers were in abundant requisition, to enable them to stand the storm and to reach the object of their desire. But they seemed to be all there nevertheless. I took in the situation immediately. They were good Christians, hastening at that early hour, through the rain, to attend their church. I did not, however, mistake them for Protestant Christians. They bore in their hands books of prayer, which I fear we do not often do, and, no doubt, an offering for the support of worship, which we sometimes do, and had left comfortable quarters for the rainy streets. Moreover, they seemed bright and cheerful, chatted mildly with each other, with now and then a gentle ripple of laughter, and seemed altogether happy in the anticipated service. These Catholic brethren and sisters were honoring their faith and Church, according to their understanding, and perhaps never once thought of varying attendance upon their services by reason of heat or cold, wet or dry.

They must be attended to, just as the daily duty or the family obligation. It was a recognized part of their personal relationship. They observed it early, promptly, regularly.

The contrast of all this to the average Protestant congregation on a rainy day (or indeed any other day) is not assuring, although many of our people do exceedingly well, and did in the two congregations of last Sunday. The great mass of Protestants, however, are only too ready to take the slightest meteorological hint to absent themselves from religious services. They seldom give the church the benefit of the doubt. The latest magazine or story, the comfortable lounge, the Sunday paper, the just now "unfragrant Havana" and the journal of fashion, are too powerful, on a rainy Sunday, to save the congregation from decimation. The seats of the sanctuary, in one respect at least, remind us of wisdom's way, displaying "here and there a traveler." The Protestant minister has to fall back upon the declaration of John Quincy Adams, who, when he stood almost alone in Congress, upon being asked when he expected to be in the majority, answered, "when votes are weighed and not counted." The minister comforts himself with the thought that the rainy day, at least, brings out the cream of

the parish, and that the interest, loyalty, attention, and intelligence of his small congregation, are compensations for its lack of material size. In the high sense of character and consecration it may count for much, and is the day of small things that is not to be despised. He feels about it as the husband did whose wife tipped the beam at two hundred and fifty, and who, upon being asked by a stranger if he had a large family, replied, "Yes, large, but not numerous." He gains satisfaction from the reflection that James Martineau preached to scores, where Charles H. Spurgeon preached to thousands, and avers that Catholic ignorance, superstition, and fear will naturally bring out larger congregations on rainy days, than will Protestant intelligence, freedom, and character.

But somehow there lurks in this argument a subtle but fatal admission. Are we to believe, that as people increase in intelligence, freedom, and character, the claims of religion upon their loyalty and service become lessened? I confess that I get precious little inspiration from a consideration like that. Is there no way in which to present the truths of a liberal religion so as to induce self-sacrifice, devotion, and fidelity? Why do not the great mass of liberal thinkers imitate the Catholics of last Sunday morning,

and, notwithstanding a down-pour of rain, fill the seats of our churches? Those worshipers who hurried through the inclement weather were almost invariably poor in this world's goods, and returned at the close of the service to household and other duties. They are far less favorably fixed in life than Protestants, and are not so well provided with personal apparel as our average worshipers,—and yet note the contrast in fidelity in this particular. Is it not very largely a matter of training, of habit, yea, of heredity? for such virtues get into the blood, and crop out as any other trait of family, national, or religious life comes to the surface from generation to generation. We cannot accept the conclusion that a true religion, if properly held and wrought into the web and woof of the generations, will not bring forth better results than a false religion. There is something the matter with our administration of the truths that we hold.

I remember a liberal clergyman, who coming to his church of a stormy morning, and finding the sexton the only other attendant, said to him, "Well, are we to be the whole congregation?" received the answer, "And we would not be here, if we were not salaried men." Not unlike Sydney Smith, who, finding himself of a rainy

Sunday with a single hearer, and unable to use the established formula of worship, beginning, "Dearly beloved brethren," etc., adapted it to the first name of his single hearer, and said, "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places," etc., etc. We are never so badly off as this; but instead of a limited attendance upon Protestant churches on rainy Sundays, all persons in good health, and with protecting rainy-day costumes, ought to delight to go in company to the house of God. We uniformly dress too well and are too careful of our clothes.

The sacred writers were not so terrified at the falling drops from the clouds, but made them beautiful symbols of the divine word, as they saw it falling on the heart, like showers upon the mown grass. The rain that filleth the pools is closely associated with those who go from strength to strength, as every one of them in Zion appeareth before God. The presence of the people at such times promotes unity and fellowship in the congregation, gives inspiration to the preacher, and affords also a wider circulation to the notices of the week evening services. A rainy day affects not only the Sunday congregations, but all the appointments of the week. The church is as much dependent upon

the weather as the farmer and the mariner. Let the Protestants get a lesson from the Catholics in this respect; and although we cannot do as the urchin wished, have hanging from the sky a rain cord and a snow cord, that when he wanted either he might give the appropriate pull, we can control the cords of purpose, conquer atmospheric conditions, by lifting ourselves above them, and so go into the sanctuary singing unto the Lord, who prepareth rain for the earth.

XXVI.

“STANDING ON AND GETTING IN ON.”

AN incident said to have been told by Speaker Reed has been doing service around Boston of late. It relates to a passenger on a train, who persisted in riding on the platform. The conductor was equally persistent that he should not, ordering him to a seat in “the department of the interior.” The passenger, becoming indignant, said, “Why should I go in? is not a platform to stand on?” “No,” rejoined the conductor, “it is to get in on.”

The incident went to show the use sometimes made of political platforms. They are not always for the party to stand on, but to catch votes in order that it may get into office. They are made elastic, or palter in a double sense, and are construed differently in different sections, becoming in wrong ways all things to all men. But no matter in what way it may be taken by the people, after securing enough votes to get in on, it is little concern whether it be stood on or not.

This, however, can hardly be called a moral use of a party platform. We can scarcely claim for it even the merit of the axiom which a politician declared governed his actions: "First, get on; second, get honor; and third, get honest." The last, I fear, may never come. The question has recently been raised whether this method of using a platform, not for standing on, but for getting in on, or rather for keeping in on, is any more to be approved in religion than in politics. One of our able clergymen, in an address, has lately pointed out that it is not. It does not accord with intellectual honesty and sincerity. The ring of genuineness in all such cases is wanting, and it falls on the ear, flat, feeble, and fallacious. The process is that of trying to ride at one time two horses moving in opposite directions. It is not that the theological equestrian has reached a point in the ring somewhat less advanced than the liberal truths that he is affecting, being careful at the same time to "keep in," but that in reality he is heading the other way. The principles of the platform and the principles of the pulpit revolve in different directions. If true to the one, he must be false to the other. The dodge so often resorted to in politics, known as "straddling," is in this case not practicable.

It is indeed possible on some questions to adopt one of various shades of opinion, but not where propositions are self-contradictory and exclusive of each other. I believe there are "white blackbirds," but there never was, and never can be, a liberal orthodox. He may be liberal, but in so far as he is liberal, he is not orthodox. He may hold his orthodoxy in such a way as to get in on it, but never so as to be a consistent defender of it. A gentleman remarked that Mr. A. was a very broad man. "Yes," was the reply, "broad indeed; broad enough to straddle any possible political or religious question." If so-called breadth in theological thinking is to signify capacity to spread the mind over a contrariety of irreconcilable tenets, it is a question whether we shall be greatly helped by much of what is known as progressive faith. It disintegrates the moral sense.

Precisely this would seem to be the result of the recent advice by Dr. Lyman Abbott to the liberal thinkers in the evangelical pulpits. He practically counsels all such to use the platform to "keep in on." They may not believe it, need not preach it, are not required to stand on it, but it is their duty, having once gotten in on it, to keep on staying in. "We say," are his words,

"to every liberal minister," in a conservative church, "Stay where you are and preach the truth, as God gives you to see the truth, without fear, without favor, without wrath or bitterness." Some liberal ministers are apparently taking this advice. They "keep in" the great denominations, the influential churches, move with the popular currents, where honors and emoluments are many, and quietly ignore all the distinctive theology of the "Saybrook Platform," or the "Westminster platform," or other platforms on the remoter edges of which they stand, and so manage to meet all the requirements of a transitional age. It has been said that a progressive minister in the old church to-day is quietly asked which he would prefer, a trial for heresy or a trip to Europe. This policy of keeping in, although hitherto widely and quietly practiced, had not been formulated and vindicated, until Dr. Abbott gave it expression.

It can hardly be called a "new departure," inasmuch as the "dear departed's" *remains* are very much in evidence. He is not unlike his porkship, who went through an aperture in "a worm fence" that was so crooked he found himself, after he had gone through, in the same enclosure. Little wonder is it, that men like the Rev. Minot J. Savage and Mr. Edwin D.

Mead, who accept the positions logically implied in their principles, should have borne testimony against this advice by Dr. Abbott, of so aiming the theological fire-arms as to "hit it if it's a deer, and miss it if it's a calf;" and that they put a new emphasis upon honesty of conviction. The latter, however, fully demolishes the sophistries designed to support such practices on the part of liberal ministers in the old churches. "The new truth," says Mr. Mead, "knocked at the door — every reformer *began* by trying to reform his own circle; but in each case it collided with the creed. The creed would not accommodate it, it would not bend to the creed; and so because it was honest, it had to go outside and create its own institutions. . . . The question is not as to the duty of the old church, but as to the duty of the new truth."

Would that the liberal ministers who are using the platform for getting in on, and keeping in on, had the conscience of the biblical sailor, who refused to accept a proffered place on a schooner, for the reason that it was against the Scripture and would imperil his soul. "How so?" he was asked, and gave the reply, "Don't the good book say you must not serve *two masters*?" The liberal orthodox

schooner is one of the two masters, and it cannot be conscientiously served, as the old Scotchman would say, “without joombling the joodgment and confoonding the sense.”

XXVII.

SUMMER THEOLOGY.

THEOLOGICAL reading is probably not much patronized while the dog-star rages. And it is a question whether clergymen should not eschew it entirely, so as to get a complete change of mental atmosphere. But if one keeps at all in sympathy with current thoughts and events, he cannot but note occasionally the trend of religious ideas. While the vacation moderates church activities at the great centers of population, it seems to increase them in remoter localities, and gives to other communities the opportunity to hear a larger Gospel from the lips of some of its most eloquent and distinguished heralds. It is worth while to note the tone of these summer messages, and to glance also at the columns of the religious press, with a view to discover the change that has silently gone on in the spirit of modern preaching. To refer to this may be the more pardonable in view of the fact that it is so common, at this season of the year, for the regular contributors

to the religious press to occupy the columns of the denominational weeklies with homilies on the lessons of nature, or recitals of their vacation experiences in the country, which of course are most largely read by dwellers on the farms, or in the villages, who are perfectly familiar with all the scenes and associations so diligently described. This is sometimes well, as new eyes may see new meanings in old forms and processes.

“The Watchman” of a few weeks ago published a sermon by Dr. Parkhurst which expressed, in the most urgent and convincing manner, the important truth that the loving purpose of God will never let go its hold upon any soul. The principle was so stated as to leave but one impression, if taken in the necessary and legitimate meaning of the words, viz., that evil shall finally be overcome by good in the moral universe. The editor of “The Watchman” was asked not long ago whether he was an optimist or a pessimist, and he replied, neither, that he was an “ameliorist,” and looked at things just as they were. This is what the Universalist does, who is the optimist in the theological sense; he sees the existence and stubbornness of evil, but believes, as Dr. Parkhurst seems to in his saner moments, that good, having the Almighty on its

side, will, by retribution and the supremacy of moral power, not be defeated in the great contest. The ameliorist is a kind of "middle of the road man," leaving the contest of the ages a drawn battle.

The Rev. Dr. Moxom, in his summer sermon in the Nahant Congregationalist Church, seems to have a somewhat more positive conviction as to the matter, but if pressed to the legitimate conclusions of his words, would, no doubt, find a way out consistent with his orthodoxy. They all do. Dr. Moxom is reported to have said, "The sinner is punished in order that he may be no longer a sinner. If sin were a permanent and remediless evil, then the only rational treatment of it would be its extermination, but God's judgment on sin is a ground of hope." This is the right philosophy of sin and penalty, though somewhat obscurely expressed, for it renders punishment not a ground of despair, but of hope for reformation.

These just principles of belief seem to be indigenous to the uncorrupted human mind, as illustrated in an article of a few weeks ago entitled "Conversations With Educated Hindoos," by Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D. It will be remembered that Dr. Barrows was the presiding genius of the World's Parliament of Religions,

and has lately been in the Orient on an important religious mission. This has brought him in contact with leading representatives of the great religious systems. He had an interview, among others, with a prominent Pundit, who, at the conclusion of the conversation, said to Dr. Barrows, "Before you go, I want you to assure us that you think that all men will finally be saved. We Hindoos all believe this." Dr. Barrows, who has figured as a man of broad and liberal ideas, being thus unequivocally arraigned, was not equal to the situation. His reply was, "My Master does not encourage me to cherish such a hope. I do entertain a hope, however, for some who have not heard of the historic Christ. There are minds like that of Socrates, naturally Christian. If I do not meet Socrates in heaven, I think it may be because I have not kept in the right road myself." The Hindoo, in this instance, would seem to have the better Christian faith. It is hard for some minds to break through the inconsistencies and limitations of the old religious ideas. But Dr. Lyman Abbott has the most difficulty in posing as a liberalist, while managing to keep himself inside the evangelical lines. Evidently too much is made of him, as a leader of religious thought. His position theologically is hard to

discover. This is evinced by "The Outlook" of July 24. A correspondent writes him, "Please state on what Bible promises you base the hope of the final salvation of the whole human race? If men reject Christ *here*, how do we know they will turn to him *there*? If men *will* not be saved, can God save them? It seems that would only be changing the question of election from a part to the whole — saved because God willed it. Then why the urgent sacrifice of the Son of God? Kindly consider." These questions show a crude notion of salvation, election, and atonement, and indicate a large work yet to be accomplished by our Church in enlightening the minds of even the intelligent class of Orthodox believers.

But Dr. Abbott's answer to these queries manifests in some respects a corresponding lack of understanding, and shows him as one who "sees men as trees walking." He replied to his correspondent as follows: "If by the salvation of the human race, you mean the attainment of everlasting blessedness by every human being that has ever lived, we are not aware that the Bible promises it. What is directly promised is that the universe of existing beings will ultimately be brought into harmony with God. (Col. i. 20; Phil. xi. 10.)

Moreover, Jesus set forth the principle that God evermore seeks to save the lost. (Luke xv.) Of course no man can be saved who will not submit to be saved. But we cannot say that the human power of resistance is as unlimited as the divine power of persuasion. On the other hand, we cannot deny that stubborn indulgence in destructive sin may, in the nature of things, eat out of a man every germ of hope for recovery. The whole subject, therefore, as regards individuals is speculative, with grounds both for hope and fear. But by election we understand the choice of a part to bring a blessing to the whole, not to enjoy it instead of the whole. And the sacrificial work of Christ is quite as consistent with the idea of universal as of partial salvation."

Dr. Abbott's inquirer was evidently wrong in his ideas of the Doctor's views as to Universal Salvation. He is not a Universalist, but has evidently been talking in a way, — so fast and loose, getting by turns on both sides of the question, — as to lay himself open to be misunderstood. Such minds cannot make the affirmations of the Universalist faith. They sometimes lay down its premises, but are impotent in their conclusions. These samples of summer theology would seem to indicate an

abandonment of the old views, but a lack of positiveness in proclaiming the new. It is evidently a transition period in the realm of Christian belief, leaving a great construction work for the heralds of our faith yet to be accomplished. It is hoped that in this, and in other respects, the summer rest may be followed by a vigorous Christian campaign all along the line.

XXVIII.

THE UBIQUITOUS WOMAN.

ONE of the most marked characteristics of the last decade of the closing century is the enlarging position of woman. Her presence and influence are everywhere seen and felt. It is a fact that must be recognized in our estimate of social forces, as much as the use of machinery or the expanding influence of the daily paper. During the prevalence of the balloon sleeves worn by women a few years ago, a toast was offered to the following effect: "The press, the pulpit, and the ladies, — the first spreads intelligence, the second spreads morality, the third spreads — considerably." Metaphorically speaking as well as taken literally, the third declaration of the toast stands well sustained. Nowhere is this ubiquity of women more displayed, or more welcome, than in the interests and activities of religion. The work of her hand, and the loyalty of her heart, are manifested on every line of Christian work. Her zeal is seen in its hospitality, its benevo-

lence, its church fellowship, its public worship, its teaching force in the Sunday school, its convention and missionary work, and in its literature. She is in all these departments, and many more, the ubiquitous woman.

And yet I have not named one great department of parish work in which woman stands most conspicuous. I refer to the direction and management of that particular interest which is as prevalent in the churches as the women themselves — the annual church fair. The season for this form of activity has but recently closed in all our churches, for a little *ad interim* Lenten lull, preparatory to its renewal in spirit when the season shall become a little more advanced, in the shape of May celebrations and strawberry festivals. In these enterprises woman reigns supreme, and exerts a wonderfully useful and gracious influence. The energy called into exercise, the social tact, the artistic taste, the organizing power, and the genuine business ability displayed in these undertakings by women, are most creditable, and far excel in many respects the resources of what is known as the more practical sex. Women know how to combine sentiment with sense, and patience with practicality. Ned Sothern, the actor, father, if I mistake not, of the Sothern now

upon the boards in Boston, was once asked if he believed in an "omen," and his reply was, "I do, if you'll put a 'w' before it, and turn it into women." Certainly ministers and churches may join the famous actor in believing in an "omen" when thus revised and improved.

Religion without the ubiquitous woman would fare badly. Her broad and varied ministries must be gratefully acknowledged. She is intelligent, enterprising, and loyal. "Your wife is a forehanded little creature," said a gentleman to his neighbor. "Forehanded?" was the reply, "I should say so! The day I stayed at home on account of the big snow-storm, she made me get out the lawn-mower and oil it." A little more of such forehandedness in contemplating the possibilities of our church in the future, would not be a bad accomplishment either in men or women. Nor should we limit the helpful influence of the women of the nineteenth century to the sphere of religion. It is sometimes feared that the absorption of her attention in the more social and secular affairs of the world may, after a while, lessen her interest in the work of the Christian church. We do not, however, share that apprehension. The refined and exalted elements so conspicuous in her affectional, intellectual and spiritual

being, will always keep her loyal to the higher verities of Christian faith. It is a great honor to woman that she is so prominently identified with the ideas and purposes of the church. It is an indication of the exaltation and delicacy of her nature.

But fortunately she is not limited to one sphere of usefulness. Look through the reviews and magazines, the poetry, the history, the biography, the sociology of the times, and see how largely they all bear the impress of the intelligent thought of women. And all these departments of knowledge and investigation are treated in a strong and vigorous manner. A gentleman professor observed to a class of young ladies at school, "It is demonstrated that the brain of the man is larger than the brain of the woman. Now what does that prove?" "It proves," said a bright member of the class, "that the world is governed by quality and not by quantity." Whatever may be the physiological aspects of that question, there can be no doubt that the brain-activity of women has been wonderfully stimulated in the present age of the world.

If now we add to these literary and intellectual activities the presence of woman in education, in philanthropy, as evidenced by such

labors as those of Clara Barton, of temperance as indicated in the services and sacrifices of the lamented Frances Willard, of prison reform and general social progress, we have an aggregate of womanly influence that must tell powerfully upon the condition of the world in the twentieth century.

I have not in this enumeration of the ubiquitous influence of women referred to the large place she occupies in the club-life of the present day. If any one will take the trouble to look through that department of "The Boston Transcript" headed "Women's Clubs," he will be led to wonder at their number and variety, and the large field of thought and practical endeavor that they cover. It will be seen what a vast amount of ability, consecration to high purpose, business foresight, and moral energy are involved in their transactions. They are in a sense universities for the training of the mind in the science of life and the claims of society. Their influence must be prodigious upon the condition of the coming generations. Some one has remarked that there is but one thing that it seems just a little improper for a woman to do. She cannot with propriety be an auctioneer. For how would it seem for a young lady to mount the auction block, and exclaim, "Now,

gentlemen, all I want is an offer"? Some crusty old bachelor did add to this incapacity of women by saying that no woman could ever learn to swim, inasmuch as it was necessary to keep the mouth shut. But this may be said in her defense, that if she keeps her mouth open, it is filled with quite as much wisdom as the mouths of her revilers.

I heard Lucy Stone some years ago on "The Progress of Woman in Fifty Years." At the beginning only three callings were deemed proper for her to pursue. To-day there are three hundred (or was it five hundred?) which are being creditably filled by women. These are signs of the times, and are deeply significant as bearing upon the condition and progress of both halves of the human family. There was a man who never wrote his acceptance of an invitation without adding the letters "W. P." His friends asked him what they meant, — if they stood for "Weather permitting"? "No," said he, "they stand for 'Wife permitting.'" I do not think that woman is just yet so ubiquitous as that, but she must be reckoned on as an important factor in the great life of the world. Fortunately we can depend upon her generally docile disposition, and may believe that she will use her rapidly increasing power and influence for

kindly and beneficent ends. It is not quite true, as Mrs. Jackson, the colored matron, said when Parson Sambo made a pastoral call on her. "So," said the parson, "*dis* little chile am a gal. Do de udder one belong to de contrary sex?" "Yais, Pahson," said Mrs. Jackson, "dat's a gal, too." The ubiquitous woman will have to come into an agreement with the ubiquitous man, and neither must be "contrary" one to the other.

XXIX.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF HORACE GREELEY.

ACTING on the principle, every man his own automobile, I set out on a six-mile tramp to visit the spot where the famous journalist first saw the light. The twelve-mile round trip, I must confess, found me less automobilious than when I started, but I saw much to interest me on the way.

The journey lay, in much part, through wooded highways, over an undulating country affording inspiring views of mountains and valleys. Leaving Shirley Hill, N.H., my place of sojourn, I took my course, out of Goffstown, through Bedford, and into Amherst, in which town is the shrine toward which I was wending my steps. I made a halt at the birthplace of another historic New-Englander, no less a personage than Dr. Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer, born in Bedford, Aug. 24, 1784, and with whom so many have had "hard words" since 1818, the year he began his labors on the dictionaries. After lunching, in what

now represents the birthplace of Worcester, I renewed my journey towards the childhood home of the sage of Chappaqua. Inquiring of a farmer at work in the field the way to the Greeley farm, I found that after fourteen years' residence within three miles of it, he had never heard of the farm, nor of Greeley either; reminding me of a similar experience of Bayard Taylor's, when looking for the grave of Humboldt. "Humboldt, Humboldt," said the rustic, "what was his first name?" I had a better return from another farmer, who proudly said he had taken "The Weekly Tribune" right along, the last copy of which had come to him that very day.

Arrived at the historic place, I found an old-fashioned story and a half "wood-colored" house, as they say here, — which means never painted, — close by the roadside, and opposite to a lofty, overhanging elm. The house and surrounding buildings are in a fair condition of preservation, and still in use. Over the door, on a copper plate, are the words, "In this house Horace Greeley was born, Feb. 3, 1811." The inscription was placed there this year by the Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury, former attorney-general of Massachusetts, whose summer home is in Milford, not far away. The room in which

Greeley was born is now occupied for a sitting-room. The present lady of the house is the mother of six children, all boys, the youngest of whom was fast asleep in the cradle, and might, from his round, fair face, have been the infant Horace himself. One of the boys, nine years old, bears the name, Horace Greeley Hanson. A visitor some years ago asked a lady living near by if she remembered ever seeing Horace Greeley, and she replied, "Well, yes, I have a very early remembrance of him. I put the first shirt on him." And Greeley is recalled by the present head of the house, during a visit in the years of his fame, trudging along the hillside to pay his respects to this same person, Mrs. Woods, who probably had more regard for his personal appearance than he was ever afterward known to manifest himself. Two years ago one of Greeley's daughters, and her husband, an Episcopal clergyman, spent a night under the roof that had sheltered the childhood of the illustrious father.

The traditions of the boy's love of reading still linger in the town. He borrowed books everywhere, within ten miles of his home. At ten, he went with his family to Vermont, where for five years they struggled together for a subsistence in a new settlement. Becoming after-

ward a printer, he found his way, by various experiences, to New York City, where in 1831 he began the remarkable editorial career which has given him so wide and honorable a reputation.

From this humble birthplace in the Granite State, he went forth to become by the force of his character and his abilities, a great national power. It came to him to shape the policy of parties, to be the counselor of senators and presidents, to direct public opinion, to lead in reforms, and to be the peer of philanthropists and statesmen. His pen was prolific on practical, political, and moral subjects. He lived to be a member of Congress and a presidential candidate. Above all he is to be remembered as the founder of "The New York Tribune."

It is from such humble places, all over New England, that have come the leaders and commanders of the people. "What do you raise among these rocks?" demanded a visitor. "We plant schoolhouses," was the rejoinder, "and raise men!" But in the case of Greeley, education was a very broad and varied experience. It used to be said that he was a self-made man, and worshiped his own creator. This may be true, in that he had faith in himself, but in other respects, he was the simplest

and most childlike of men. In his manner mingled abruptness, brusqueness, and at times, violence of temper, with the most gentle and unsophisticated qualities. In his make-up he was a bundle of contradictions, presenting upon the whole a unique personality, unmatched in our national history.

No stain ever rested upon his private character or public record. When he ran for president, Theodore Tilton said "H. G." stood for "Honest Government," and was met by the retort that "T. T." stood for "Too Thin." However the last may be, the honesty of the great journalist has not been brought in question. His methods were often assailed, but not his motives.

I saw Mr. Greeley several times, notably at Gloucester, Mass., in 1870, at the celebration of the Centennial of American Universalism. I recall his awkward step as he moved about among the tents erected for the occasion, his slouch hat and capacious garments, his gray locks, his obtrusive spectacles, his round, ruddy face, and indefinable smile, — constituting the oddest individuality that ever arrested attention. His words on that occasion were in support of a favorite method of his for disseminating Universalist literature. They have been

frequently recalled since, in defense of that branch of our denominational work.

He was a member of Chapin's congregation, and had the reputation of serving regularly as one of the soundest sleepers, under the preaching of that eloquent divine. But it must be remembered that attendants at church can hear with closed eyes, and perhaps hear all the better; like that member of a congregation, who was rallied at the close of the service by the pastor, for having been asleep and proceeding to press the charge vigorously, his parishioner replied, "Well, I can tell you one thing, I wasn't so fast asleep but what I knew I had heard that sermon before!" Nevertheless, ministers like the eyes, as well as the ears, of the people.

In the days of Greeley and Chapin, Universalism was represented in the metropolis by a stalwart defender of the faith, — Thomas J. Sawyer, — whose influence as preacher, writer, educator, and debater, gave a positive and denominational character to our cause, everywhere felt to-day, and is recalled again, in gratitude, by his recent departure. How different were these three men — Greeley, Chapin, and Sawyer — whose labors fell so largely in the same city, and who did so much for religion, righteousness and reform.

When I stood before the inscription over the Greeley farmhouse, I felt a sense of relief that it was not in his own handwriting. Mr. Greeley enjoys the distinction of having had an execrable chirography, surpassing in its hieroglyphical qualities the characters on a Chinese tea-box, or Rufus Choate's "H's" which were said to resemble a gridiron struck by lightning. Whether the story is apocryphal, I cannot say, that Greeley discharged, by a note, a compositor for not setting up his copy, and that the compositor used it in the next block as a certificate for efficiency in printing, and got a job, lasting for years. The story is rendered doubtful by the fact that another version says it was used as a pass on a railroad. Justin McCarthy claims, in his newly published "Reminiscences," that Mr. Greeley's handwriting was the worst he ever saw; but "The Independent" holds that Dean Stanley's was far worse, requiring careful interlineation by a patient editor. At all events Greeley was able to "make his mark." He was as deficient in his public speech as his penmanship, but he had something to say in both cases; and the people put up with his want of eloquence, and his clumsy gestures, because of the practical good sense and the nuggets of wisdom that were behind his quaintness.

As I looked over the fields at Amherst, I bethought me that the founder of "The Tribune" loved always to figure as a farmer. I could not but wonder whether the agricultural passion that seemed to possess him had got into his blood by this early contact with the soil and his boyhood's associations with the plow and the scythe. He became an agricultural reformer, — a farmer by the book, — and as I sat in the room in which he was born, and glancing out saw a bicycle go gliding by, I reflected on the change that had come to the methods of locomotion and of farmwork since the urchin of the second decade of this century rode on the ox-cart and dropped the corn in the furrow. But I do not forget that Greeley as a farmer, in his after years, was not regarded as a howling success. At agricultural fairs, where he often spoke, his original theories gave rise to many a secret wink and nod, and not a few quips and quirks have gone the rounds at his disquisitions on seeds and soils, profit and loss. But his passion for farming was genuine, and proved a recreative aside from the strain and stress of his more public career. What would he have done with the home acres in Amherst had his ambitions not called him to wider spheres?

Whether the temperance principles of his maturer years could have withstood the hard cider and blackberry wine of the old New England home, who can say? But it is pleasant to reflect that all through his career, by example and precept he was the foe of the drink traffic and habit. At banquets where wine was used, Mr. Greeley at the toasts always drew in the pure odor of a pink, which in his glass took the place of the ruddy liquid. He once confused the names of popular intoxicants, and upon being rallied for it by his fellow editors, remarked that he was the only man in the office who could have made the mistake. Amusing incidents abound about the great American commoner; but he has left an impression of genuine manhood, wisdom, and integrity, such as confer the highest glory upon citizenship in the republic. From the humble home by the Amherst wayside where I paused, came forth this fruitful gift to all the people. All honor to the memory of Horace Greeley!

XXX.

BOSTON IN THE EARLY FORTIES.

NOT that my memory is so long as to stretch back to the forties, or that I have any inclination to use its elasticity for that purpose even if it were. I think too much of Dr. Hale's famous motto, "Look forward and not back," preferring to act in the living present. But my attention has been called to the "Hub of the Universe," fifty-five years ago, by a gentleman having put into my hand "The Boston Almanac for 1843." The word Almanac, however, is misleading in this case, as it represents a volume of a hundred and fifty pages, containing a great variety of information not found in the ordinary pamphlet bearing that familiar cognomen. Former issues had even presented a business directory of the city; but the publisher, "finding that a variety of matter was more agreeable to the tastes of his readers," changed that year the scope of his annual publication.

This "Boston Almanac for 1843" I find to be a very impressive and suggestive work. It bears

a marked contrast to the present bulky "Directory of the New England Metropolis," of which in some senses it may be considered a progenitor. We look upon the map of the city, folded away between the covers, and cannot but note the expansion of municipal area, by the inclusion of new territory, and the vast tracts of "made land" upon which now stand some of the most substantial edifices, or through which run attractive driveways. The population of the early forties has multiplied, both by concentration in the old sections, where the blocks of buildings are more compact than six decades ago, as appears from pictorial glimpses in this annual, and also by the opening up of widely expanded regions, now the abode of comfortable and elegant homes, making an aggregate population of half a million. The change in the character of the population in some parts is quite as marked as in its numbers. The problem of municipal corporations, as bearing upon state and national questions, has altogether changed within the last half century. This little volume has an air of mildness and modesty about its very make-up with its symbol of the scythe and hour-glass significant of the old-time life, out of which it seems to have reluctantly stepped into the bustle and whirl of the present.

As we turn these pages of two generations ago, we see what new forces and methods have been introduced into our modern life. The Fire Department, with a list of companies, names of officers, location of reservoirs, wells, fire-plugs, is furnished, suggesting the transformation in that branch of municipal service. The timetables of omnibus routes, leaving the city for suburban districts, bring up the successive changes in means of transportation. No less remarkable are the lighting facilities of to-day in contrast with the forties. The rate and rapidity of mail transmission show the advantage of the present over the past. A letter of one piece of paper, sent thirty miles, cost six cents; over four hundred miles, twenty-five cents. A letter of two pieces of paper, or three or four, required double, triple or quadruple rates. This seemed to be a tax on the art of letter-writing; and what fun there must have been in sending comic valentines weighted down with something more than love, or in malicious letters that had to be roundly paid for by the helpless receiver! I heard of one massive missive whose mysterious interior disclosed only the evangelical couplet, —

“If you are well, I am well,

Pay the postage and go to — ‘war’ ” (*vide* Gen. Sherman).

Cheap postage has been a boon in more ways than one. The mail is no longer a medium of revenge. Among the bank officials in this literary waif of forty-three, occurs the name of Thomas Whittemore, that versatile character, who was a preacher of Universalism, editor of a denominational journal, writer of books, member of the legislature, president of a railroad, officer in financial institutions, devotee of music, and man of secular and religious affairs generally, and managing to do many things fairly well. He was a great power at one period of our church.

An interesting department of "The Boston Almanac" is devoted to Public Institutions. A full history of benevolent and philanthropic movements is given. Three of them are devoted to the reformation of juvenile criminals. Another is the Asylum for the Blind, which had gone into operation ten years before, under the direction of Dr. S. G. Howe, and in 1843 had seventy-five pupils. I attended a wonderful exhibition, a few years ago, of the members of this school; and it was an inspiration to witness the knowledge and skill displayed by those who, like blind Milton, had wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. The presence of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the widow of the early friend and patron of the institution, was

an impressive feature of the anniversary. Without doubt the years that lie between forty-three and ninety-eight would attest a like progress in many movements of benevolence and reform in Boston.

On the School Committee, given as part of the City Government for that year, it is pleasant to see the names of Sebastian Streeter and Otis A. Skinner, prominent representatives of the Universalist Church. They were associated with such names as John T. Sargent, George S. Hillard, Dr. William Hague, and others of like distinction, in the management of the schools. It indicates that the character and intelligence of our clergymen, even when their form of belief was not popular, commanded public recognition.

About one-half of "The Almanac" for forty-three, however, is given to the churches, including East and South Boston. This is the specialty for the year, to the exclusion of information given in previous issues. A short history of each society is furnished; and what seems more enterprising for that day, although familiar enough at the present, — each history is attended by an engraving of the church, displaying sixty pictures, including every religious edifice in Boston. The views mostly represent plain

and unpretending structures, contrasting sharply with the present fine architecture. Of the whole number the Baptists numbered twelve, Episcopalians six, Methodists eight, Catholics five, Universalists six, Lutherans two, Swedenborgians one. In 1800 there were twenty religious societies, in 1843 more than seventy. The author remarks, "The whole worshipping population are seen repairing to their several churches at once,—a spectacle interesting to the reflective stranger, and presenting a picture of Christian harmony equally instructive and engaging."

I suspect the Sabbatarian observances were a little stricter than in these latter days. The facilities for travel were not so great, and the people had not so many "wheels" in their heads. But very likely "The Almanac" for forty-three makes the picture somewhat rose-colored. Certainly much earlier than that Dr. Emmons of Franklin, who owned the land upon which Dean Academy now stands, and who was a leading Orthodox divine and theological educator, thundered from his pulpit against the non-church goers of his time.

I am struck with the disparity in the numbers of men and women in the churches of that period. "The Almanac" furnishes us with some

figures touching this subject. The Essex Street Church, of which Nehemiah Adams was pastor, known for his pro-slavery views as "South Side Adams," and who held a well-known theological discussion with Dr. Sylvanus Cobb, had 576 members,—130 men, 446 women; the First Baptist Church, Dr. Neale pastor, had 706,—men 197, women 509; the Old South Church, Dr. Blagden pastor, 481,—men 95, women 386; Park Street, 596,—men 164, women 432; Fourth Methodist, 430,—men 127, women 303; Grace Church, 350,—men 119, women 231; Salem Street, 567,—men 185, women 382; Federal Street, 476,—men 135, women 341. Of the School Street Universalist, the author remarks, "As this Communion is free to all who profess Christ, the number varies, ranging from one hundred to one hundred and fifty, the larger part women."

It is said that figures won't lie, but that liars will figure, and this we know to be true sometimes in parish numerical estimates; but there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of these figures from the old almanac. They seem as if they might belong to-day to the records of the Universalist Ministers' Meeting in Boston, which discussed, a few weeks ago, this identi-

cal subject of the difference in the number of men and women in our churches. Perhaps it is because women are better than men, or because there are more of them; a fact, however, that we supposed more applicable to the present in New England than to the past. But whatever the cause, without doubt the ministers of '43 wrestled with the same old question: How to get the men into the churches. Our little book presents a picture of the Hanover Street Universalist Church, with John Murray as its pastor, installed 1793, and Sebastian Streeter, installed in 1824, and pastor many years thereafter. He was celebrated for marrying more persons than any other minister in Boston. "From this society," says the writer, "have emanated several other societies, which have erected for themselves places of worship in the city and vicinity, all of which are fully attended." An engraving follows of the Second Church (now Columbus Avenue), with the statement that Hosea Ballou began his labors as pastor the Sunday after its dedication (Oct. 16, 1817). The following words are added: "The unity of God is advocated by the pastor of this society."

A view is likewise given of the Universalist church in South Boston, then occupied by the

Fourth Universalist Society, gathered in 1830 by the Rev. Benjamin Whittemore, who was installed in 1833, was pastor in 1843, and whose memory is fragrant throughout the denomination. His wife was the daughter of Hosea Ballou, and their children are faithful friends of our cause. The Warren Street Universalist — numbered the fifth — is also honored by a pictorial representation. It was formed in 1837, and had, in 1843, 350 members. Otis A. Skinner was pastor. It had two Sunday schools of 400 children and 70 teachers, with two female charitable associations. In the basement there was a large vestry and three schoolrooms. This church is now, if I mistake not, represented in the Every-Day Church, and it is somewhat significant that it began in a small way the work of an institutional church. It is appropriate that the Every-Day Church should contain a memorial window in honor of the pastor of '43, who began its benevolent career.

It will probably be news to some that the Bulfinch Street Church was incorporated in 1823 as the Central Universalist Society, with Peal Dean — at one time a Universalist minister, but later a Restorationist — as pastor. By a unanimous vote of the society, in 1838, application was made to the Legislature for a change

of name, for the reason, as set forth in their memorial, "that the term 'Universalist,' as now theologically defined, expresses a meaning inconsistent with their faith;" which was granted, and they were authorized to take the name of the Bulfinch Street Society.

The religious leaders brought out by this review revive the memory of great names: Edward Everett and John G. Palfrey in the list of pastors of the Brattle Square Church; John Pierpont at Hollis Street; Thomas Baldwin of Baldwin Place Church, from whom Dr. Thomas Baldwin Thayer derived his name; James Freeman, for whom Dr. James Freeman Clarke was called; and Lyman Beecher, Edward Beecher, Austin Phelps, Father Taylor, and other great lights, who made the pulpit of Boston illustrious in the first half of the nineteenth century. "The Boston Almanac" of the early forties thus affords food for reflection on the past and inspiration for duty in the present. May each successive decade bring to the metropolis new progress and prosperity!

XXXI.

THE DIVINE ART OF COOKING.

PROBABLY there is nothing so widely and variedly related to life as this subject. Health, home, holiness, harmony, happiness, hopefulness, and we might, in the right sense, add heaven, depend upon stomachic conditions; and these in turn, upon the proper preparation of food.

Man seems to have been involved in the doom pronounced in the Garden of Eden upon the serpent. Metaphorically speaking, he goes upon his ventral cavity, and it becomes a prime factor in his condition and possibilities. The manipulators of great benevolent movements find that the gastric nerve leads directly to the pocket. Politicians tickle the palate with savory viands to get votes. And the fate of parties depends upon the condition of the food supply. Bad cooking distorts the views of nature, humanity, providence, and the future. We would not go so far as Ben Jonson, and say that every man is a rascal so soon as he is sick, but there is an allopathic proportion of truth in the statement.

Had John Calvin possessed the gastronomic capacity of Henry Ward Beecher, the logic of the former would have been tempered by the love of the latter, and the Calvinistic nightmare would never have afflicted the world. Dr. Channing said there was a time when he tended to gloomy views of religion because of poor health. The cuisine and the conscience, food and faith, are more intimately related than we are wont to suppose. During a thunderstorm in the night a devout Catholic, apprehensive that lightning might strike his house, fumbled around in the darkness, and, finding the magic bottle of holy water, sprinkled the contents upon the members of his family, and upon the rooms that contained them, only to find in the morning that instead of the holy water, he had been using his wife's blueing bottle!

Distorted visions of men and things come from the blueing bottle of that "diabolical arrangement called a stomach," whose maladies are largely the product of villainous cookery. Mr. Huxley was right in emphasizing the physical basis of life. But in the word life, we must include not only bodily existence, but the vigor and virtue of the soul. Prof. C. H. Henderson, in the "Popular Science Monthly" for

June, recognizes this. "There is no action which is ethically indifferent. Even the bodily functions, the act of breathing, the beating of the heart, the process of digestion, which in health are so automatic that we are quite unconscious of them, are, nevertheless, the product of knowable conditions, and as such are under the indirect control of the reformed spirit. . . . Whether the digestive apparatus is doing good work, renewing and refreshing the tissues, is a moral question."

Food must, therefore, be reckoned a means of grace. The commissary department of the army is as important as the commissioned officers, and the rations of the soldier more indispensable than the orations of the platform. The tramp who asked the kind-hearted housewife, who, after the most approved scientific charity, had given the loafer a loaf and sent him to saw wood, and who, after trying both, returned and asked his benefactress if she cared if he ate the wood and sawed the bread, showed a delicate sense of discrimination.

This being true, it is well that more attention is given now to domestic economy. As the homes of the people become more elegant, conveniently appointed, brilliantly illuminated, and richly ornamented, it is fitting that their affairs

be intelligently administered, and that the chemical qualities of food and the laws of hygiene be considered in the preparation of daily sustenance.

Our public schools teach both physiology and the art of cooking, which must include no little knowledge of the articles and compounds used in the culinary department, and the principles of chemistry underlying their combinations and processes. To put more intelligence into ordinary duties is to lift them out of drudgery and give them new interest and purpose. Put mind into commonplaces and they become dignified and ennobled. Let it once be understood that God places upon our tables the products of all climes, and gives us intelligence to co-operate with him in preparing and combining them to promote our vigor, and the kitchen becomes as interesting and instructive as the drawing-room.

What we derive from literature, music, art, society, and nature depends largely upon physical conditions. The mind, clouded and dulled by inadequate and unwholesome food, cannot get the best results from any department of life. Even Mr. Scrooge, in "The Christmas Carol," saw how bodily conditions affected mental visions, and tried to persuade himself

that Marley's ghost was due to "a blot of mustard or an underdone potato." A minister troubled with a sleepy congregation entered into a calculation of the quantity of leguminous nutriment to which he preached every Sunday morning. Not that Jacob's pottage of lentils was not good for sound health, but that sound health and sound sleep are often too much for sound doctrine. Dull sermons are sometimes made so by dull hearing, and not a few domestic discords have gastronomic generation. Better prepared food is an agent of better civilization, and is the basis of great human interests. Therefore, in an age when there are so many diversions from ordinary interests, it is well for the domestic economist to magnify this more obscure department of life,—the subway of existence,—and to congratulate himself upon the enlarged attention given in homes and schools and co-operative cookery to the practical art of living. No wonder the *chefs* in great hostelries command large salaries,—they preside at the fountains of life; but it is passing strange that, with all the realms of industry and the professions, including the ministry, overcrowded, there are not more aspirants for the departments of physiology and chemistry opened up in the art of preparing what the

Creator gives with an open hand to supply the wants of every living creature. If the material is of divine origin, the combination on our part is a divine art.

It is the office of religion to exalt, spiritualize, and harmonize the sources and helps of life, and it has an encouraging word for books, magazines, schools, food exhibitions, and family instruction, which increase a knowledge of the methods of living. Churches have sewing-classes, and what is to hinder our humanitarian organizations in poor districts from elevating homes by helping them to better systems in this respect? The ridicule poured upon the cooking-school by professional humorists is not justified. The young husband who finding his wife, who had received such instruction, in tears because the rodents had run away with her first angel cake, and said to console her, "Oh, I wouldn't make such a fuss about a few rats!" very likely did her injured feelings injustice. Housekeeping and homekeeping comprehend practical administrations, which are helped by the increasing intelligence of the times. I always sympathized with Dr. Harris of Scotland, who, when asked which he preferred of the sisters in Bethany, Martha, the deft-handed, or Mary, the sentimentalist, replied, "He liked

Martha before dinner and Mary afterward.” But this is dangerous ground to tread upon, and might subject one to the sad fate foreshadowed in the juvenile inquiry: “Mother, do Christians eat preachers, just like the cannibals do?” “Why, no, my child; what put that notion into your head?” “I heard Mrs. Deekon say that she was going to have the preacher for luncheon.” Sometimes, because of his critical attitude, he ought not to be welcome on the table or at it.

XXXII.

A VACATION PEW THAT TALKS BACK.

THE seat that does duty for lookers-on by the tennis court upon which I glance from my window, once served as a pew in an ancient and now deserted church in "Thornton Gore," fourteen miles away from my summering place.

The changed lot that has fallen to the plain, old pine seat is suggestive of earthly vicissitudes. From resting the pious worshiper, it has come to sustain the gay pleasure-seeker. And as I muse over its probable history, and present use, the venerable object seems to "talk back" in more ways than one; and becomes even more eloquent than Depew of the great metropolis, in his loftiest flight of post-prandial oratory.

It is said that Agassiz could construct from a single bone of an extinct animal, the whole skeleton; and imagination can frame from a single pew the entire structure of which it was a part, and the varied life that once centered in and about it.

With the abandoned farms of the out-lying regions are associated abandoned homes, abandoned school-houses, and abandoned churches. The old pew talks back to me of the sixty or seventy families in a prosperous agricultural country in the "Gore," — so called from its triangular form, resembling the gore of a lady's dress in the olden time. But the seventy-five years or more of its existence have reduced the number of homes to five or six, closed the school-house, dismantled the sanctuary, and left the grave-yard close by, the only thing that gives evidence of an increase in numbers. The sons and daughters of the later generations were allured to the larger centers of population, — it is hoped to make active members of churches there, — while the time-worn edifice is left to echo the thoughtless voices of sportsmen and picnickers ; or its fragments to serve — as does the old pew that talks to me this morning — the devotees of lawn tennis. I will not lament "to what base uses do we come," for may not the nimble balls that fly back and forth across the tennis net, be suggestive of a happier and more helpful service than the pious platitudes and dismal deliverances that may once have lulled into Sunday slumbers the occupants of the old pew?

We can fancy the minister expounding the Bible, and pounding the pulpit, which is now stored away as a relic in a barn not far away. The walls once reverberated with the sound of true blue evangelical doctrines, unmixed with any thought of "higher criticism," "new orthodoxy," or "rampant radicalism." They were as innocent of all these things, which have since come to trouble creeds, councils, and conventions, as they were of steam-engines, sewing-machines, and McCormick reapers. They were undisturbed in the good old times by these new-fangled notions, and would doubtless have felt as did the excellent old lady who lived in Concord, Massachusetts, when the articles of her faith were assailed by the freedom and audacity of transcendentalism. "I don't care," said she, "so much about predestination and free will, and all them sort of things; but if they take away my total depravity, I shall feel as though I hadn't any religion at all." Were the old pew, in which some of them sat, possessed of ears, it might come to know that its fellow pews in aristocratic churches had come to hear all the venerable doctrines of the old lady assailed and refuted. I heard a lady, whose parents were attendants at the deserted church, and whose

own childhood had felt its influence, remark that she no longer accepted the faith for which it stood, but rejoiced in the larger hope.

The pews are talking back to-day to the pulpit, and both pulpit and pew are expressing Christian truths no more like the old creeds, than the old edifices in which they were proclaimed are like the new ones in which the present generation worships. The pews and the preaching are alike brighter and more wholesome. This former pew, in the shade of a young and growing maple, looking upon a more cheerful young life, symbolizes the change that has come to our views of nature, God, and the future. And so I listen as the old pew, "under a dome more vast," talks back in hopeful tones of man and the world, and becomes puissant with higher and better thought, making me a Puritan in a wiser way.

But I listen again to this pew of other days, and more cheerful voices float in from the past. Its former occupants tell of spirited singing by the choir in the singing seats of the old church. The young people were given to merry-making, and good times abounded. Human nature was proof against the repression of gloomy views. Youth and hope and gay colors sat in the pews, to brighten the sober garments of deacons and

matrons. The farms, now owned by the "New Hampshire Land Company," then represented young men and maidens, whose hearts were touched by the romance of love, and with psalms and prayers were mingled the softer sighs and quicker glances that a stern theology could not expel, no matter how black it painted the world beyond.

We hear of one minister who wished for some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on him during the sermon, and who was told that one method would be to put the clock right behind the pulpit. But even that device would not divert youthful eyes in the old pew from wandering from the pulpit to the bright face of a neighbor. Our tennis-court pew could no doubt tell many a story of love and betrothal, as well as sadder ones of sorrow and death. The heart is the same on tennis court and in sacred court when it seeks to woo and win.

Fragrant memories of "apple bees," "corn huskings," and sleighing parties are still revived by those of riper years whose youth was associated with the festivities of the "church in the Gore." And who can tell the neighborhood gossip — harmless we may hope in motive — that filled the Gospel intervals at the Sunday gatherings, and made alive again by this respon-

sive pew? Perhaps it was the gossip defined by the small boy, — “when nobody ain’t done nothing, and somebody goes and tells.” The genuine inquiries, too, the sympathetic hand-grasps, the interest in the latest birth, or marriage, or death, the crops, the local news that occupied the thoughts and tongues of men and women, young and old, made up the human life clustering about the pew that talks back.

It is impossible to reconstruct the extinct world of thought, affection, hope, labor, and care, of which the pew by the tennis ground has become an epitome. The lapse of time has made what was once the reality of joy and sorrow, and smiles and tears, pass into a dream when one awaketh; but fancy strives to build again around the transformed pew, the church, the home, and the world. There the heart made its vows at the marriage altar; there childhood received its first impressions of religion; there sorrow came with its dead for the last words; there the home and heaven were united in faith and hope; there the pew looked to the pulpit for comfort and help. It reveals the old, old story of life and love. Happy is it if the pulpit of any day is able to send light into the life and love that are forever old, and yet forever new; the same in the pew at

Thornton Gore and in the cathedral of the metropolis.

The old pew would also talk back, would we permit, about the more practical subject, the problem of the country church. The village congregation is not only decimated by deaths and removals, but by the voluntary absence in many hamlets of those who still remain. The number who gather for worship is but a fraction of those who might occupy the pews. The churches, in regions visited by the summer boarder, receive a too scanty re-enforcement by visitors at their Sunday services. But there are enough who attend to impart somewhat of the more alertful spirit of the larger communities; and they should by personal communication and contribution make the country pew more influential with the pulpit. That should be one of the incidental benefits to the pew-holders, of the annual visits of the city resident. In this way might be found some compensation for the lessened activities of city churches in the summer.

The country preacher, in the evangelical churches especially, should give to the pew a more cheerful and timely message than some of them are accustomed to speak. The sermons, when the dog-star rages, need not be over-dog-

matic. The preaching, while not necessarily about nature, may well be in accordance with the exuberant life of creation, and with appropriateness to times and seasons. Something on local matters — as village improvement, for example — might reach the ear, and the pocket too, of some city sojourner, disposed to do his abiding-place a favor, if he only knew how and what. I recall country places which have been greatly benefited by the benefactions of their sons, whose careers in the cities have brought them wealth. The pew of childhood and youth may respond to later appeals of memory and affection. This is a vein well worth working, both in the pulpit and out of it, by the country parson.

The old pew under the maple talks back, also, for a more optimistic hymnology. The hymns that it used to hear, as we are told, may have been full of spirit. We know that the standard tunes were grand, and are still welcome ; but it must be confessed that the words of hymns sometimes heard to-day are depressing. The successor of my ancient pew in the church asks for something cheerful and enlivening, with the spirit of the present, not of the past. No service should be so inanimate as to suggest at its close the hymn, “ And am I yet Alive ? ”

The pews sometimes complain that they have no chance to talk back. In this case we have suspended the rule and listened to the voice of a new-fashioned "Puseyite." I fear he may need to learn a lesson which has always been hard for the pulpit, — to stop when he gets through.

XXXI.

SIGNS AND SAYINGS IN THE COUNTRY.

It is interesting to observe the signs and sayings in circulation among the people of the summer sojourn. While getting nearer to nature, it is an added pleasure to get nearer also to our human kind, under different conditions of life. There is nothing so instructive as humanity. The proper study of mankind is man. I always sympathized with Father Taylor, the seamen's preacher in Boston, who, when nearing his earthly end, was comforted by a pious visitor with the assurance that he would soon be with the angels, whereupon the old man replied, "I don't care for angels, I want folks."

The signs and sayings which have rewarded my search are not all peculiar to dwellers in the rural region, for not a few of them are quite as familiar to the residents of cities; but as many arise from the forms and events of Nature, they are more constantly recognized by those who live in closer relations to them.

Many of the signs and sayings, it is claimed,

are founded upon correct observations, and are as scientific as the present predictions of the weather or an eclipse. Others, it must be confessed, are the results of frequent repetitions by many generations, and may have come down, like our nursery rhymes, from remote antiquity and distant lands. It is very difficult, however, to shake them off, even when convinced that they have no foundation in truth. Sir Walter Scott could never get over an impression—perhaps born in his blood—of foreboding, upon overturning the salt at a meal, particularly if it fell to the floor.

It is true that larger intelligence and observation have banished the evil forecasts of Friday and the number thirteen. Young persons defy the evil sign by committing themselves to matrimony on the sixth day of the week, and the “Thirteenth Club” sets at defiance the bad omen of the “baker’s dozen;” but many persons are still under the baleful spell of days and numbers. I was once being entertained at table, when it was incidentally observed that thirteen were present, and “mine hostess,” an intelligent lady, immediately sent for a neighbor to come in and break the fatal figure. Country people are no less enlightened about observing signs than their city cousins, nor in other respects, as

to that matter, for I do not forget the old minister's advice to his young brother, "When you go into the city to preach, take your best coat; into the country, your best sermon."

But it would probably astonish the most of us to know the multiplicity of signs and sayings unconsciously stored away in our minds, and which are brought forth upon occasion. My pursuit of these among friends and acquaintances in the country has revealed a great quantity and variety. Not that they direct their plans and actions by them, any more than do the inhabitants of cities, but they serve to show a survival of the form, when the spirit has departed.

A goodly number of signs and sayings refer to the weather, and show what our ancestors had to depend upon as to atmospheric changes, before the daily papers disclosed the probabilities of weather experts.

Riding the other day, the driver, observing the mist across the valley, said, —

• "Fog on the hill,
Water to the mill ;
Fog in the hollow,
Fair day to follow."

Many weather prognostications are based on tradition or observation ; for example : "If the

leaves turn inside, it is a sign of rain." "If a rooster jumps on the fence and crows, it will clear away;" a saying very likely with some support, as the lower orders must learn something, and perhaps transmit it, as to the signs of nature. The squirrel provides against the approaching winter. Another is, —

"A mackerel sky
Will wet before it's dry."

The note of the quail, "More wet," is a sign of rain. Fancy, in other sections, makes it say, —

"Bob White,
Is your wheat ripe?"

A pig with a straw in its mouth denotes "falling weather;" sometimes facetiously applied to a callow youth who sports a cigar or cigarette.

"If corn husks are light (in weight) on the ear, an open winter is sure to follow." "If the ants are busy around the top of their hills, it is a sign of fair weather." "When trees snap in the winter, it indicates a thaw." "If beavers and muskrats build their houses low, it means a dry winter; if high over the water, it is a sign of freshets." "The cry of the cuckoo forebodes rain." "The late hanging of leaves on trees betokens a late winter." "A kettle taken off the fire with the soot burning, or a

kettle boiling dry, foretells a storm." "The grass dry in the morning, and the rock sweating, denote a rainstorm." "A cat's back to the fire means a rough, cold spell." "When the cattle are turned out in the morning and lie down, it indicates foul weather." "Flies thick in the house is the sign of a wet time."

"White coals on the hearth,
Cold times on the earth ;
The coals dim and dead,
A quick thaw instead."

"A thunder shower in apple-blossom time, and there will be no apples that year." "Three white frosts in succession is a sign of snow, three dark frosts a sign of a wet spell." "The hooting of an owl on the hill is a sign of fair weather, but if in the valley, foul weather." "Cobwebs on the grass is a sign that the fairies have their washing out."

It is impressive to reflect how far these signs and sayings about heat and cold, and wet and dry, may in the past have entered into the farmer's calculation of seed-time and harvest, and winter and summer. They may, however, have set lightly upon him, never arising to the dignity of reasons for actions, just as many religious beliefs have not been the real springs of conduct or character. At all events, we of to-

day, both in city and country, are observing the signs of wind and weather more scientifically.

Another round of signs and sayings, I observe, deals largely with the idea of luck. This is not so remarkable when we consider how prone are the devotees of popular games to resort to "mascots" and "hoodoos;" and in how many pockets may be found horse-chestnuts, a bit of snake-skin, or a charmed coin. Notwithstanding there is at present a wider recognition of law, and of Garfield's saying that "An ounce of pluck is worth a pound of luck," we find men acting as if the world was an affair of chance, and the outcome of life a matter of good or bad fortune. There are Napoleons who still believe in their stars.

Many of the signs and sayings reported to me embody this thought: that life is a matter of good or bad luck. For examples of this kind, we may refer to the position when seeing the moon; and it is the result of living closer to nature that we more frequently gaze upon the heavenly bodies. The glories of the starry dome, the beauty of the queen of night, and the splendors of sunset, oftener entrance the vision of the summer visitor. Whether the points of the new moon curve so sharply as to be capable of holding the old-fashioned powder

horn, or swing low, letting the water run out, is a question of leisurely consideration, as are many other observations of nature indicative of good or bad fortune. It was Perry Pattettic, the tramp, who said to Wayworn Watson, his companion, "I seen the new moon over my left shoulder," receiving the reply, "That settles it. I'll bet the very next place you ask for work you git it."

"It is unlucky," says one of my signs, "to find a four-leaf clover and give it away. If it is kept, luck remains with you." Certainly some persons have either good luck or trained faculties in finding odd clovers; being able while riding along to discover them by the roadside. "If a black cat comes to you, it is a sign of good luck." It would better befit the opposite; and I have noticed that the romancers, in their blood-curdling scenes, not infrequently introduce a black cat or an owl. "To break a looking-glass is a sign of seven years' trouble." "To meet one on the stairs is a sign of disappointment." "Wish by a load of hay, and it becomes true." "If the left hand itches on the inside, it signifies the winning of money." "To fall up-stairs is a sign of good luck." To dream of babies is a good omen. To set off on a journey and have to return, you must sit

down and cross the legs, for good luck. This may be a form of the superstition concerning the cross, which imagination has seen in everything and everywhere. Never present a sharp instrument, it will cut friendship. If you lend a needle, you must ask for it again.

The horseshoe is much in vogue in the matter of luck. A horseshoe full of nails is good luck, a few nails not so good, and no nails at all bad luck. A knight of the whip, who has been much on the road, tells me he has great faith in these signs. If the nose itches, before the day is over you'll kiss a fool, see a stranger, or be in danger. The word "luck" is much used in connection with fishing, a popular pastime with vacationists. It is a popular saying, "When apple blossoms shed, it will be a good season to catch fish." "Break the first brake," runs another saw, "and kill the first snake, and you'll conquer all your enemies."

Pins play an essential part in the government of the world, if we may believe the signs. It is important whether we pass one with the head or the point toward us.

"Find a pin and pick it up,
All day long you'll have good luck.
Find a pin and let it lie,
All the day you'll have to cry."

I regret to find the large number of signs and sayings that indicate death. If they were ever really believed, they must have made life a constant terror. Fortunately they are not—and perhaps never were—largely and practically accepted. The signs out of which we live from day to day are far more cheerful and helpful, and are growing more so all the time.

I have brought out the following signs as presaging the great change: "To dream of marriage is a sign of death." A lady tells me she has repeatedly verified the truth of this saying. A howling dog betokens the same. "If it thunders in February the President will die before the year is out." "The way in which a candle burns is a sign of the last messenger." "A bird flying into the house is a sign of death." The notes of the whip-poor-will, mournful enough to some persons at best, if heard near the house is an indication of a speedy death in the family. I am assured that this sign proved true in the observation of my informant, which is very likely, since whip-poor-wills often come near to houses, and must sometimes hit the sad event.

But the somberness of these mortuary signs is relieved by many which pertain to marriage.

“ Find a four-leaf clover,
Put it in a shoe ;
The first man you meet,
He'll be married to you.”

The saying, “ If four persons meet and cross hands, it is a sign of a wedding,” must find currency wherever “ hearts beat and hands meet.” On the contrary, to trip up-stairs, as some render this sign, is an indication that you will not be married. But I regret to say that signs of getting married and “ living happily ever afterward,” as the story books used to run, are not so numerous as the signs pertaining to the other side of life. But, happily for our human-kind, all signs fail in dry weather, and we are glad to believe the evil ones fail in all kinds of weather.

A large number of signs and sayings were uncovered that fail of classification. Here are a few which may be reckoned of the miscellaneous kind: “ A spark on a candle, and you're sure to have a letter; ” “ If your right ear burns, some one is talking good of you, the left ear, talking bad ; if at night, either is all right.” To drop the dishcloth is a sign of company. “ Company on Monday, company every day in the week.” When a rooster steps in front of the door and crows, it is a sign of company.

“Dream of the dead, and you will get a letter from the living.”

All these signs and sayings and many more were gathered from the memories of the young and old. What is the philosophy of them, where they originated, and how far they have influenced the thought and conduct of mankind in city and country, we cannot determine. It is well that the beneficent laws of God are coming more and more to be recognized as underlying nature and life, and that fewer places are left for caprice and accident.

XXXIV.

“THE DEVIL’S DEN.”

NOT a few summer retreats display at least two attractions, — “The Lover’s Lane” and “The Devil’s Den.” Not that I would insinuate a mysterious connection between these contrarities, or that the terminus of lover’s lane is located in the realms of his satanic majesty. It may be the comedy and tragedy in the drama of life, which, alas, sometimes lie very near to each other. Philosophize as we may, it is true that in this town, nestling among the hills of New Hampshire, are to be found the beauty of Lover’s Lane and the bane of the Devil’s Den.

The first is a shaded way, curving among towering trees, by the side of a ravine, enlivened at times by a brook, and displaying moss-covered rocks and fallen monarchs of the forests, ending in a broad intervale, stretching to the Pemigewasset, while beyond rise the encircling hills. Despite the coolness of Lover’s Lane, no place could be better adapted to inflame the tender passion, were one susceptible. There is

nothing in its associations like the petition of the revivalist, “O Lord, water the ‘spark’ which Thou hast kindled.”

The Devil’s Den, as one might imagine, is opposite in character and environment to Lover’s Lane. It is located amid the rocks of Beebe’s River, where the spring freshets whirl down with many a dash in a roughened current.

The entrance to the Den is reached at this season of low water, by jumping from rock to rock, in the river bed. It is eight feet in height, admitting the visitor walking erect. Before entering he lights a candle, which thoughtful inhabitants have provided, and cautiously proceeds into the dark and sometimes dripping interior. If he proceeds to the end, he will have traversed nearly or quite two hundred feet on an almost horizontal line. Whether he will find the imp of darkness or any other mysterious being long supposed to inhabit caverns, depends upon the power of imagination or the possibilities of faith. But unless he takes heed to his steps, he will find a sudden descent into a rocky basin filled with water, giving him an involuntary bath. The experience of a summer boarder awakens laughter to this day, who with lighted taper was hurrying forward to play the trick of leaving his com-

panions to grope in darkness. His ardor was suddenly dampened by the treacherous pool, suggesting, with slight variations, the old quatrain,—

“ He digged a pit, he digged it deep,
 He digged it for his brother ;
 But for his sin, he tumbled in
 The pit he digged for t’other.”

But the Devil’s Den, like the “ancient and (dis)honorable” potentate for whom it is called, has a history. Its origin, unlike the more celebrated Flume, is not traceable to convulsions in prehistoric ages, but is due to the pluck and persistence of our human kind. It is a wonderful excavation, leading far into the granitic heart of the geological formation of Beebe’s River.

The story of the Den, as it first reached me, possessed the weirdness of the supernatural. It is traced, by common report, to the “spirit direction” of a lady of wealth, who was assured by her ghostly guide that Capt. Kidd’s long-lost treasures were concealed in the rocky fastness.

It will be remembered that Dungeon Rock (in one of Boston’s suburban regions), an immense cavern dug out of solid rock scores of feet, and prosecuted perhaps a score of years, had a like origin, and was for the same purpose

— the discovery of Capt. Kidd’s money. It is suggestive to note how the exploits of the old-time pirate have taken hold of the imagination. Such characters as Capt. Kidd, Robin Hood, and Rob Roy, — outlaws and freebooters, — have gathered about them the accretions of generations, and well illustrate the growth of myth and legend. That the treasures of Kidd might have been buried by earthquake, or secreted by human hands contiguous to the sea, is supposable; but to locate them at the base of the Franconia Mountains, to be discovered generations afterward, shows either the capacity of faith or the gullibility of the *genus homo*. Nevertheless, according to the oft-told tale, the spirits so declared, and the declaration was said to be believed and acted upon.

But it has turned out that there was a lying spirit somewhere. I rather suspect it was in the flesh. And becoming interested in the origin of the Devil’s Den, and being familiar with the history of Dungeon Rock, I sought for information at headquarters. Not that I would have it supposed that I have obeyed the oft-repeated injunction to “go to the devil,” but that gentleman in black not being accessible, I sought one of the oldest inhabitants. He was not like the minister who was to speak on

“that old serpent,” the people being urged not to miss the sermon, because he was full of his subject.

I did, however, find my old-time resident, Mr. Corydon W. Cook, of Campton, full of intelligence and sociability. And while what he said about the origin of the excavation did not confirm the story of Capt. Kidd, and the direction of spirits, it did give a forcible illustration of how great oaks from little acorns grow, and that a lie will travel round the world while truth is getting its boots on.

The fact is, the origin of the cave antedates Spiritualism by many years, belonging to 1830. It had nothing to do with the redoubtable pirate or his gold. My venerable interlocutor remembered its beginning, which was in his boyhood, and how he was impressed with the drilling, blasting, and explosions, the débris filling the bed of Beebe's River, until flood after flood carried it farther down the stream. In the romantic gorge just above the entrance, adding to the picturesqueness, stood until recent years an old mill, which has entirely faded from view. The name “Devil's Den” is of recent date, and was doubtless due to the fertile brain of a summer boarder, who, coming from New York or Boston, found it impossible to rid his imagi-

nation of the devil’s dens that he had left behind him; which suggested by contrast the minister’s farewell remark, “Brethren, I’m now going to serve you a trick the devil never did, — I’m going to leave you.” Upon hearing this explanation, I at once took “leave” of the Father of lies, and of spirits of every “shade,” and gave heed to the story of the Devil’s Den, from one who could say, “all of which I saw, and part of which I was.”

The cave passed among the rural inhabitants, as “The Mine Hole.” About sixty-eight years ago there came, traveling on foot, an Englishman, Featherton by name, who claimed to be a mine expert, and either by intuition, or signs known only to the craft, announced that valuable metals, silver and gold, lay stored away in the rocks of Beebe’s River. Whether he was the predecessor of Mr. Jernegan, the recent enterprising clergyman, who has been drawing, by an imaginary process, gold from sea-water, and far more from the pockets of a worldly-wise laity, who sometimes poke fun at the unsophisticated business ways of ministers, — deponent saith not. But the traveling Englishman convinced a number that his scheme of extracting wealth from rocks promised success, resulting in the formation of a company, and excavations

carried on for a number of years. But the precious metal did not materialize. To use popular (s)language, they found themselves literally in a hole, or, as Dr. Everett would euphoniously say, "deposited in a cavity."

Among those who had speculation in their eyes, was a well-known lady. She invested heavily in the mining enterprise. It so happened she was widely known as a believer in divine direction by dreams. Like the worthies of still earlier times, she put confidence in nightly visitants, and upon their impressions based her actions. Her dreams confirmed more practical minds, as to the hidden treasures, and upon her premonitions of success, she and others poured out their money. In the opinion of my informant, this is the kernel of truth, in the story of a later day, that spirits had started the search for the treasures of Capt. Kidd.

It is suggestive of how the mind deals with traditions and ancient lore. Many a bit of harmful gossip, too, has had nothing more substantial to start it on its ever-widening way.

It is of interest to know that not far from the present location of the Devil's Den, Nathaniel Emmons became in 1771 the first preacher in this region, when twenty families constituted the whole population. It is re-

corded that he set forth in a discourse of great power the importance of forming a "Social Library" in the town. He afterward became the celebrated Dr. Emmons, of Franklin, Mass., a theologian of wide influence, sending forth from his personal instruction over a hundred young men into the ministry. It is on the farm once owned by him that Dean Academy is now located. The devil in which he and his old parishioners believed is now a creature of the imagination, used playfully in our summer haunts. And so, as Emerson says, "The religion of one age becomes the poetry and fiction of the next."

XXXV.

THE OLD "AMBASSADOR" OFFICE IN NEW YORK.

BEING a "shut-in" just now by the prevailing decree of "King Agrippa," and not at the Boston Ministers' Meeting, I propose to divert myself, and distress the reader, by rehabilitating the meetings of former times in the national metropolis.

In the late fifties and early sixties I lived in Newark, and it was my habit to jot down the sayings at the New York Ministers' Meetings. I recall among the members, Sawyer, Brooks, Chapin, Blanchard, Moses Ballou, Peters, Crozier, Chambré and Lyon.

The meetings were not organized, but free conversations on books, sermons, theology, parish work and denominational affairs, mingled with a social and fraternal spirit. The problems of that time will show in some respects how far we have traveled, and in others how we tread the same old round. Pioneer work was done preparatory to the broader outlook of the present.

Therefore while the brethren this morning are using their double-twisted and double-fisted arguments for peace in the Philippines, I will present a few samples from my diary, of the ministers' meetings in Gotham forty years ago.

At "The Ambassador" office this morning extemporaneous preaching was discussed. Ballou had not written a sermon in three years. It cost him twice as much labor to extemporize as to write, but he gained in interest and efficiency. He instanced Ware, a Unitarian, who wrote all his sermons, even to the little quirks to the amens at the close, but who told him (Ballou) that the habit of writing had made a perfect slave of his ministerial life. Could he live his days over he would extemporize altogether. He would lose in finish and precision, but would gain in popular effect. Ballou confessed that extemporaneous preaching sometimes landed him in confusion. Others gave their experience. It was a sort of homiletical exchange. The subject of Dr. Bellows's new church movement was also brought up, as a significant enterprise of the time. It was noticed that a writer in "The Tribune," signing himself "Scrutator," was very severe on the Doctor. He calls him Pope Bellows, says he is shallow, self-conceited, and moreover began

the organization of a universal liberal church by reading out of the communion that noble soul Theodore Parker. Some thought it unjust. Others thought it very good.

At to-day's Ministers' Meeting the discussion between Sawyer and Westcott was talked about. All conceded the ability and learning of Sawyer, but some thought him working in a slow and indolent way, characteristic of him, unless greatly aroused by opposition. Had he stirred himself as he might, he would have used Westcott up, and not made a mouthful of him. The meaning of the words *aion* and *aionias*, involved in the controversy, was spoken of. Westcott said that they meant endless duration, the root-words signifying as much. Were so used by Aristotle. Lyon thought the Doctor might have replied it was not the Aristotlean, but the Gospel meaning they were after. Illustrative of some point in the conversation an anecdote was told of an Irishman who was commanded to cut rails eighteen feet long. He cut one-half seventeen feet, the other nineteen, and justified himself by saying they averaged just right.

The conversation among the ministers this morning was on the meeting of the New York

Association. The occasional sermon was by Rev. Day K. Lee, "And upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." He spoke of empires which had been projected by men. They have passed away. But Christ's reign was to be universal and eternal. He sketched the characteristics of this great spiritual kingdom, and the agents through which it would go forth to conquer the world.

Something was said at this meeting on the relations of the Unitarians and Universalists. Crozier rejoiced in the growing evidence of fraternity among liberal churches. Some were not able to see it. The breakfast to Starr King upon his departure for California was regarded as lacking in a recognition of Universalists. King, it was claimed, never mentioned the Universalists, although his father was a Universalist minister, as King himself had been. Large credit was claimed for the Unitarians. Moses Ballou was a guest, and had been so stirred up as to write an article for "The Ambassador." Opinions differed.

Monday met the brethren. Present, Ballou, Chapin, Brooks, Sawyer, Peters, Blanchard,

W. B. Cook, Goodrich, C. W. Tomlinson, A. C. Thomas, and I. D. Williamson, the last two *en route* for the Pennsylvania Convention. Conversation dealt in part with the Rev. E. Fisher and his fitness for the Theological School in Canton. It seemed to be the opinion of those who ought to know that he was in every way capacitated. There seemed to have come from Boston an adverse whisper, but not from any who could claim to know whereof he affirmed.

Brother Sawyer had written an article on Jane Lead, an English Universalist of the seventeenth century. This was talked about. She seems to have been converted to Universalism by Dr. Crisp, who published a work called "Christ Alone Exalted," condemned "for its erroneous and abominable doctrines." Dr. S. had never seen the work, and was pleased to know that I owned it. I bought it from a Methodist minister whose friends made a stir about his speculating in Universalist literature. Whittemore in his history makes no mention of Crisp, and his work probably has no clear statement of our views. He was an Antinomian. Sawyer said he probably held that Christ suffered the penalty for all, and that mankind ought to go free. The talk was continued by Brooks, on the Atonement,

and passed to the Divine Sovereignty and Free Agency. Sawyer said he had often tried to corner the foreordinationists. But they would always slip out. Whittemore escapes by saying that "God is not the author of sin, as sin," which provoked the Doctor to say: "I suppose God is the author of sin, as is not sin." Better denominational organization was also discussed. Dr. Thompson's new book on "Endless Punishment" received attention, Chapin remarking that some of its positions were so infantile that it reminded him of Longfellow's "Katy-Did." "Keeps saying such a simple thing in such a solemn way." Chapin is speaking for prohibition, and told the story that two men in New Orleans wagered five dollars that one of them could not bare his back and, lying on his face, stand the mosquitoes five minutes. There is a voracious mosquito there known as the gallinipper. One, two, three, four minutes passed, and the man with the watch, seeing he would lose the bet, touched the bare back with the fire end of his cigar. "Ouch," said he, springing to his feet, "that's a gallinipper." Chapin said moral suasion was an ordinary mosquito, but touch the rumseller with the law—that is a gallinipper.

Monday went to New York. Ballou had come in from the bishop of the Episcopal Church, where he had gone to inquire about a young man desirous of entering our ministry from the Episcopal Church. The bishop stated the rank he held, but could not endorse his character. Had certain idiosyncrasies that led him into falsehood and extravagance. If it were not for that *crotchet*, continued the bishop, that you Universalists have got into your heads, that runs away with you, and I could truthfully do so, I would be very glad, for our own sakes, to have the young man join your denomination. Ballou replied: "Ah! that *crochet* is to us the great sun of the moral universe, that warms and brightens every part." He then said to the bishop, "I suppose you would not interfere in your church with any one who held to the distinguishing doctrine of our religion." The bishop said he would not, but it was mixed up with other hurtful errors. Ballou said he had a mind to ask how he fancied the Queen, the great head of the established Church, appointing Charles Kingsley to an important post, while he is an avowed Universalist. The conversation was continued on the "Essays and Reviews" by English Episcopalians. This book is meeting with favor among

the liberals, but is much opposed by conservatives. They detect hersey in it. The poor old Orthodox ship seems to spring aleak at every seam.

Our institutions of learning received attention at this meeting. Father Ballou's well-known hostility was spoken of. His remark was quoted, only given in the plainest possible English, that we might have found in Tufts College a *mephitis Americanus* that was not malodorous, but he did not believe it. This roused Blanchard, who declared that he had not the least filial feeling for Ballou.

I have a memory, not recorded, of being confronted by Dr. Sawyer, at the office, when I was trying to look my pleasantest, and who said: "I maintain that no man has any business to go through the world looking as cross as you do!" I had evidently overdone the amiability business, and have never tried it since. I bore the "cross," however, with fortitude and resignation. Years afterward the Universalist Club in Boston observed the Doctor's ministerial jubilee; I was one of the speakers, and recalled his early apostolic salutation, and heaped coals of fire on his head.

But I hear no motion from this old-time ministers' meeting for an extension of time;

and although there is more that might be resuscitated, a motion to adjourn is now in order, that this "shut-in" may become a "shut-up" for the relief of all concerned. Adjourned *sine die*.

XXXVI.

LIGHT ON THE WAY.

THERE is more light in the world than ever before. Goethe's exclamation, "Light, more light still," is being fulfilled. More light of knowledge, philanthropy, religion; more light on the present and on the future. More dark and difficult problems have light thrown upon them. There is more light on the way in nature at this season than at any other. When does light so flood and freshen creation as in this leafy month of June? Nature is doing a great business in diffusing and appropriating light. Light is the painter that gives variety and color, and changes flower and leaf into a fairy charm. The day is long; the dawn strikes the world at three o'clock in the morning. The sun rides high in the heavens, and the twilight lingers far into the evening. There is much light on the way, in this great world which God has created. There is a mingled darkness, to be sure. There are shadows, but the light prevails. There is more light on the

way in this age, contributed by the genius and art of discoverer and inventor. Compare the "tallow dip" of our forefathers, the candles made in the home by our foremothers, with the succeeding whale oil, the illuminating gas, and the electric light of the present. The world is a brighter and safer place, because there is a better artificial light on the way.

There is more light on the way in religion. Light is the most common of metaphors. The Bible abounds with it. God is light. Christ is the light of the world. Christians are the light of men. Heaven is a place of light. These are all light-bearers to the world. They come to cheer and irradiate. All forms of religion, all creeds, all worship, have more light on their way.

There is more light on the way of life. Friendship scatters its rays. The kind thoughtfulness of others rushes in to share an extra burden of sickness and care. The interested inquiries of those whose hearts prompt to help, put a new value upon common human interests. The offer of associates to relieve the pressure of the occasion; the outpour of hearts in letters, in telegraphic and telephonic messages, attest that we are not alone. The fervent "God bless you," and the assurance that we are not heart islands in trying experiences, bear wit-

ness that we share each other's lot. The letters with affectionate remembrances of other days when trials were reversed, as if one were meeting himself on a return journey, all show how light accumulates on the path of life, and makes the way for each by turn brighter. And so a thousand nameless things give blessed proof that there are illuminators of the way of life. They all reflect the radiance of the central luminary of the universe, and dignify men by making them satellites in the great spiritual universe.

Truly, then, we have the light. Let us walk in the light that we may be the children of light. We may all be light-dispensers. Blessed are those who use the opportunity to scatter the rays of love ; and blessed too are those who in dark hours share the light of faith and friendship and fidelity. Let us try, then, to make light on the way, and hearts about will be bright with gratitude and love. "Don't be discouraged," said a gentleman to a friend who was having a dark hour, "this thing will look very different to you a little farther on." Oh, brethren, are there not many things that will throw light on the way a little farther on?

"Walk in the light ! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light."

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